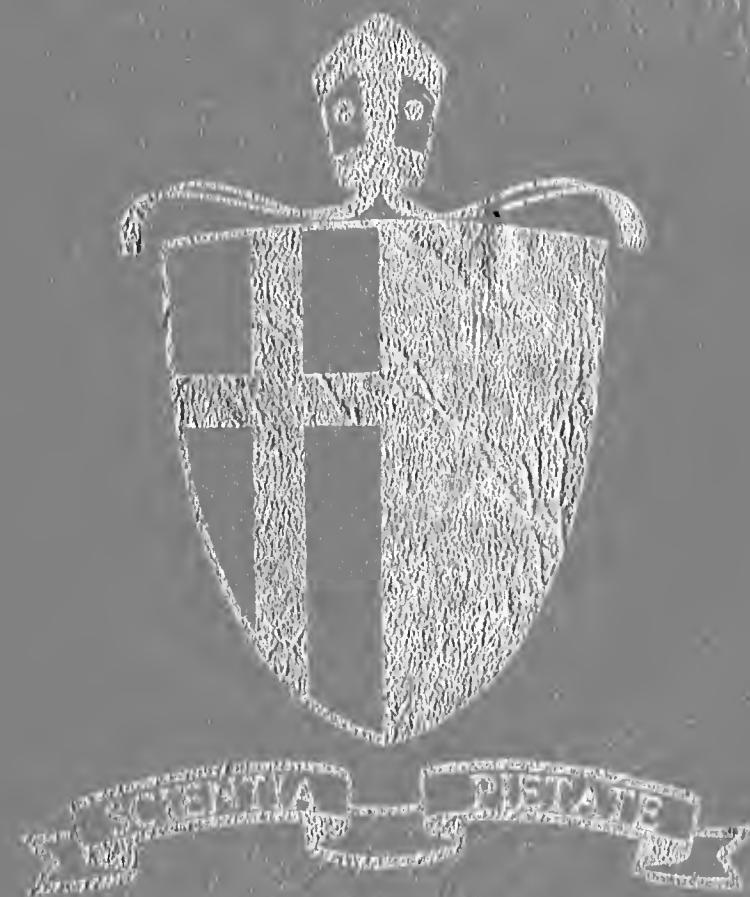
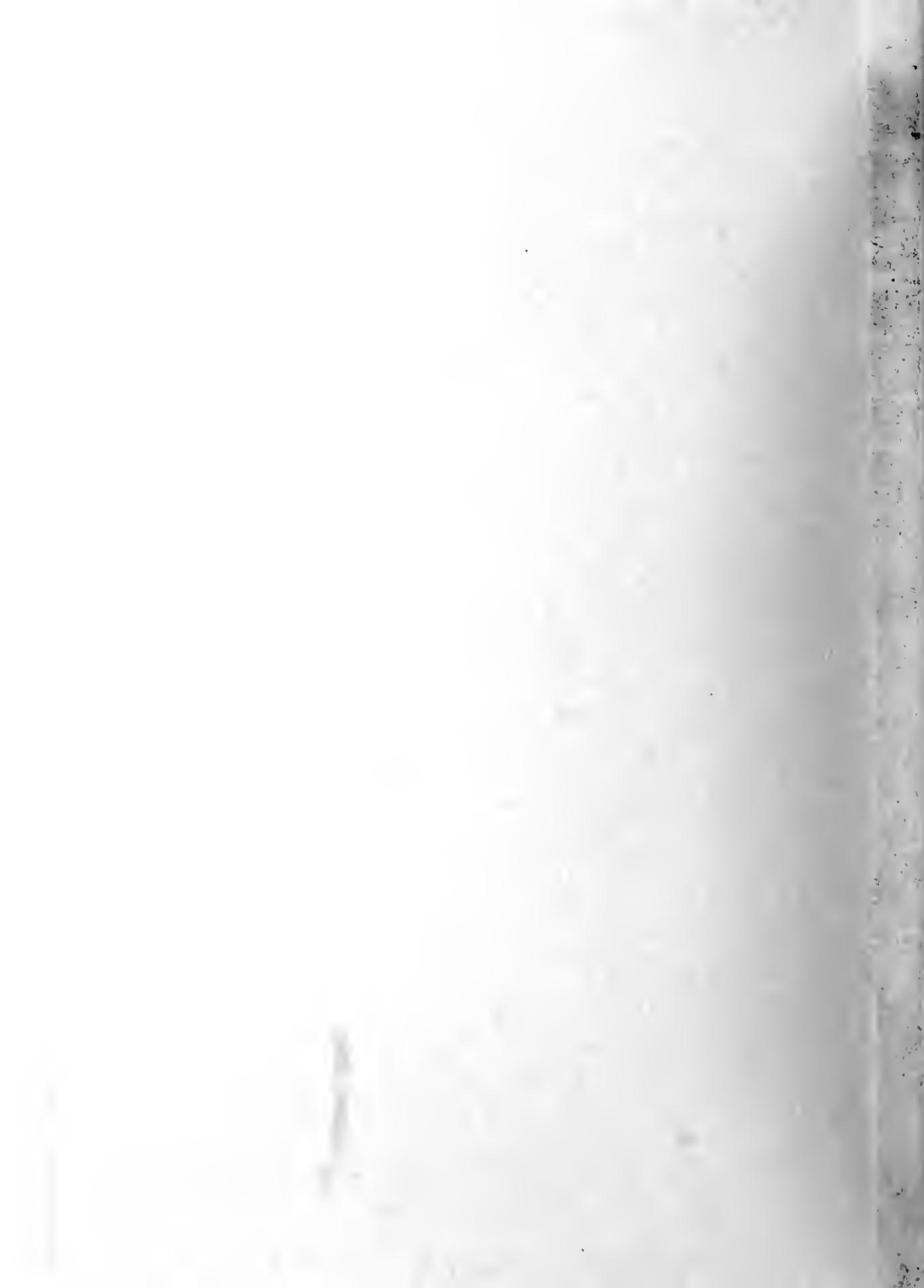


The Recruit



Excenia Pestate
1975-1976









The Georgian

1975 - 1976



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FROM THE HEADMASTER'S STUDY

I have been asked to write an introduction to the *Georgian*. After careful thought I have decided to release a letter that was written by a parent and personal friend to his son who was in boarding school a few years ago. The thoughts contained in this letter are relevant and constructive. I ask all Georgians "to read, mark, and inwardly digest" them.

I express my personal appreciation to the members of the *Georgian* Staff who have worked hard to produce this volume.

Your friend and Headmaster,
John L. Wright

A Letter from a Father to his Son

My Dear Son,

There is a possibility I may not be with you on this day, so I am writing to make sure you will know some of the things I would talk over with you, were I present at the moment.

One serious thought I want to emphasize first is that your life will be what you yourself make of it. As your father, I can point out mistakes I've made in my own life; but you will have to plot your own course. However, I will outline briefly several things which have impressed me, from experience, as being highly significant.

Learn to concentrate as early in life as possible. Concentration is the ability to keep your thoughts and attention on one fact until you know it thoroughly. It is a habit that must be learned if you are really to succeed. I can't emphasize the importance of this too strongly; it may be the principle message you will get from this letter. It could mean the difference between your being a most successful man and an ordinary one.

Learn, early in life, the meaning of discipline. In four short years you may be inducted into the Armed Forces. Self-discipline is much easier to acquire than regimented discipline at the hands of a rough drill-sergeant, and you gain self-respect by doing so.

Stand at the head of your class in English. Do you realize that from the moment you awake till you fall asleep at night, you are thinking, speaking or writing English, and to be successful you must have a real mastery of it? Do not be satisfied to be just good in English, but make your mind up to excel in it, no matter how difficult it may be. And I can outline a very simple way to help you attain this end.

From Monday through Friday of each week of the school year, write me or your mother a one-page letter, selecting any subject you wish. Tell us in simple English anything that comes to your mind or imagination. I am confident this simple exercise will be a wonderful help to you in mastering the language at its best, and that after the first few months, you will enjoy it.

Appreciate the real meaning of integrity. Uprightness of character and innate honesty apply to everything in life - to your school work, your play on the athletic field, your life at home with the family. Make up your mind early in life always to look everyone in the eye, with full knowledge that no one can challenge your integrity.

Make all your decisions promptly. Procrastination is truly the thief of time. Putting off until tomorrow what should be done today is admitting to yourself that you are lazy.

Remember to be thoughtful and considerate of everyone, especially your own family. Do not take your father and mother for granted; they have made many sacrifices for you, and the least you can do is to act towards them always so they will be proud of you. Your success at school, especially if you

stand at the head of your class, would be the greatest compensation your parents could receive.

Be sure to give first place in your life to the spiritual side of your nature. Have an abiding faith in God. If you ever have any doubt, just go out on a starry night and take a long look at the heavens. No one but God could ever conceive the firmament and infinite space. As a guide in life, you cannot do better than live by the Golden Rule as set forth in the "Sermon on the Mount." Keep a copy of it beside you always and reread it at least once a month.

How important is the social side of your life? You will like the girls and the girls will like you, too -- especially if you are a leader in the school and captain of your team. But learn to put social life in its proper place. Always keep your feet on the ground and do not get a swelled head.

The value of imagination. You are too young to understand how helpful in future life a vivid, active imagination may prove.

All modern civilization is yours today because some man, during past years, had enough imagination leading to an idea which, fully developed, resulted in all the things you now take for granted.

How important is money? It's important, but don't put too much value on it. It will buy things that you need and desire, but it will not take the place of earning for yourself the respect of your friends and fellow-workers.

Be an optimist. You will have so much more satisfaction and fun out of life if you always look on the bright side of things. And your friends will point to you with pride as a boy or man who is always cheerful and pleasant to be with.

Pay heed to your conscience. Fortunately, nature endowed us all with a built-in alarm system, so that we know the difference between right and wrong. Be sure to follow the right road. Your self-respect and the knowledge that you are doing the right thing will give you more satisfaction than anything else.

Perhaps I am boring you a little with this long letter. But these are some of the things I'd talk over with you if I were with you today. There are probably many important things I have failed to mention, but we can take these up at some future time.

I am going to ask you, as a special request, to put this letter aside and reread it on the last day of each month until you graduate from college. I am asking this because I am sure there are some things mentioned in it that you will understand and appreciate better when you are 18 or 20, than you do today -- things which you will now pass up as unimportant, but which may influence greatly your future life.

I have written this only after a very searching study of my own life and the lives of some of my friends, in the cherished hope that it may help you, if only a little, to plot a successful course in life.

With a great deal of love and affection, I am

Devotedly,
Your Father.



JUNIOR SCHOOL REPORT

It seems that it was only yesterday that I agreed quite confidently to have my brief message for the yearbook completed by the deadline date. The date has passed, and it is a rather embarrassing reversal of roles, with me asking for an extension of time from my students! However, having dealt with Georgians for many years I have a wide variety of excuses and explanations to call upon.

A yearbook should provide brief, vivid glimpses of the year passed, both in pictures and in words, though each of us has our own ideas concerning the relevance of particular events. As I look back over 1975-6 I see a veritable kaleidoscope of "happenings."

I see.....fifty three bright, obedient, willing new boys on Orientation Day, and then one hundred and eighteen hardened veterans sitting our Christmas examinations. No one, it seems warned them about these in those halcyon, interview days.

The Grade 4's and 5's soccer team tournament against Brown Public School, played with great vigour on our own turf, and won by a score of 1-0 by St. George's, though not conceded by Brown until the final whistle.

The staff concert at Christmas; Father Scott's immortal words; Mr. MacNeil's interpretive singing; and Mr. Smith's incredible acting; - impossible to forget, and Heaven knows we have tried!...

Norval in all seasons, but particularly a vivid scene of the grade sevens tobogganing on a slope which, though it did not daunt the boys, gave me a few anxious moments, and I was a mere spectator.

Drama, a new venture for the Junior School, and under Mr. Stevenson's guidance and enthusiasm, a very successful one. Visits from Modern Fables Company, Story Time Theatre, and of course our own "Brother Orehid" production. 'Drama' as a feature of our programme in English is obviously here to stay, and a high standard has now been set by our first Junior School production.

The Year of "the plaster cast" with Rosen, Browne, Phillips, Kellam, and ? appearing in plaster. Some of them appeared to enjoy the experience so much that they came back for second helpings - happy recidivists!

The Swimming Gala, a beautifully organized operation this year, thanks to Mr. Baxter and the Senior Swimming Team. Every boy who wished to swim was able to compete, and the outcome was in doubt until the last relay when Winchester and Westminster raced for the winners Shield. Winchester won by a hand's length. The previously unbeaten Masters' team of Messrs. Birkett, MacNeil, Baxter, Tansey and Smith were beaten by .1 second in their relay against the senior team - next year of course will be a different story!

Open House and that wonderful Grade 4 display up in their eyrie at the top of the See House; the debates, and Weston once again dealing with an unanswerable question with great aplomb; a memorable evening for the boys who have that happy knack of rising to the occasion, and turning the despair felt that the 'dress rehearsal', into pride by the close of the evening.

Retrospection feeds on itself, each memory triggering another, and did someone mention schoolwork and its place in our programme? My students tell me that it is so much a feature of daily life here that they hardly need reminding of it, even in retrospect!

I see...A bright future provided that we cling firmly to the best of our traditions and remain flexible enough to accept those new trends which will enhance our programme and benefit our students.

My congratulations to the Yearbook staff who have worked hard to compile this year's Georgian, and have made a very determined effort to ensure that the Junior School are well represented.

John Tansey



Mr. Wright



Mr. Armitage



Mr. Allen



Mr. Bradley



Mr. Gardner



Mr. Kerr



Mr. McMaster



Mr. Fraser



Mr. Clayton



Mr. Pegler

SCIENTIA



Mr. Kiddell



Mr. Fulford



Mr. Dunkley



Mr. Love



Mr. Walker



Mr. Tansey



Father Scott



Mr. Stevenson



Mr. McNeil



Mr. Smith



Mr. Baxter



Mr. Birkett



Mr. Foy



Mr. Browning



Mr. White



Mr. Mann



Mr. McEwen



Mrs. McKellar



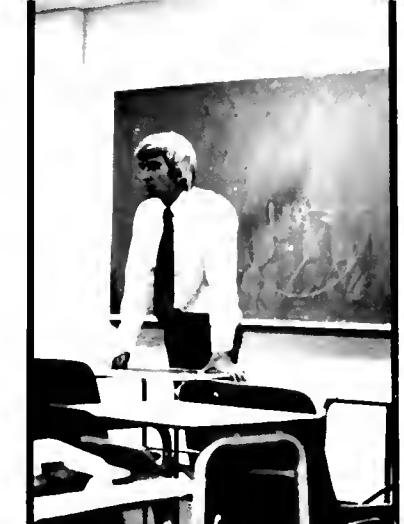
Mrs. Heron



Mr. Heard













STUDENTS



David Moore



Donald Haflidson



William Verner



Michael Miller



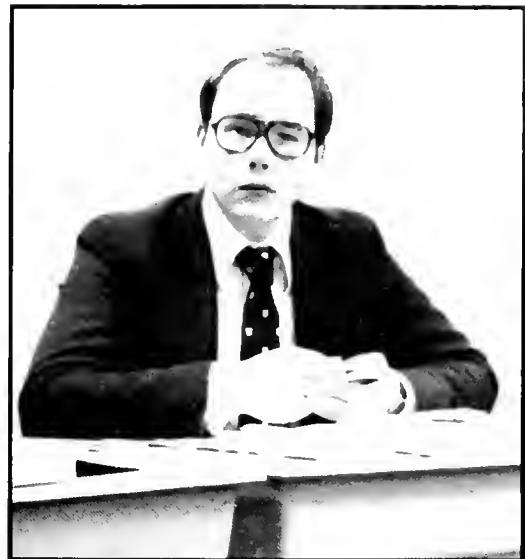
Brian Atkinson



Keri Humber



Robert Cumming



Peter Hewitt



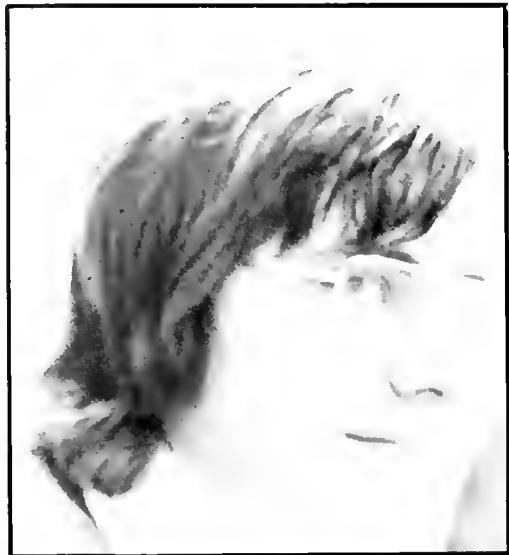
Michael Graham



David Staples



George Craig



Andrew Brooks



Tim Durnford



Philip Claxton



Steven Varga



Robert Regan



Tom Moore



Geoffrey Belch



Peter Hutcheon



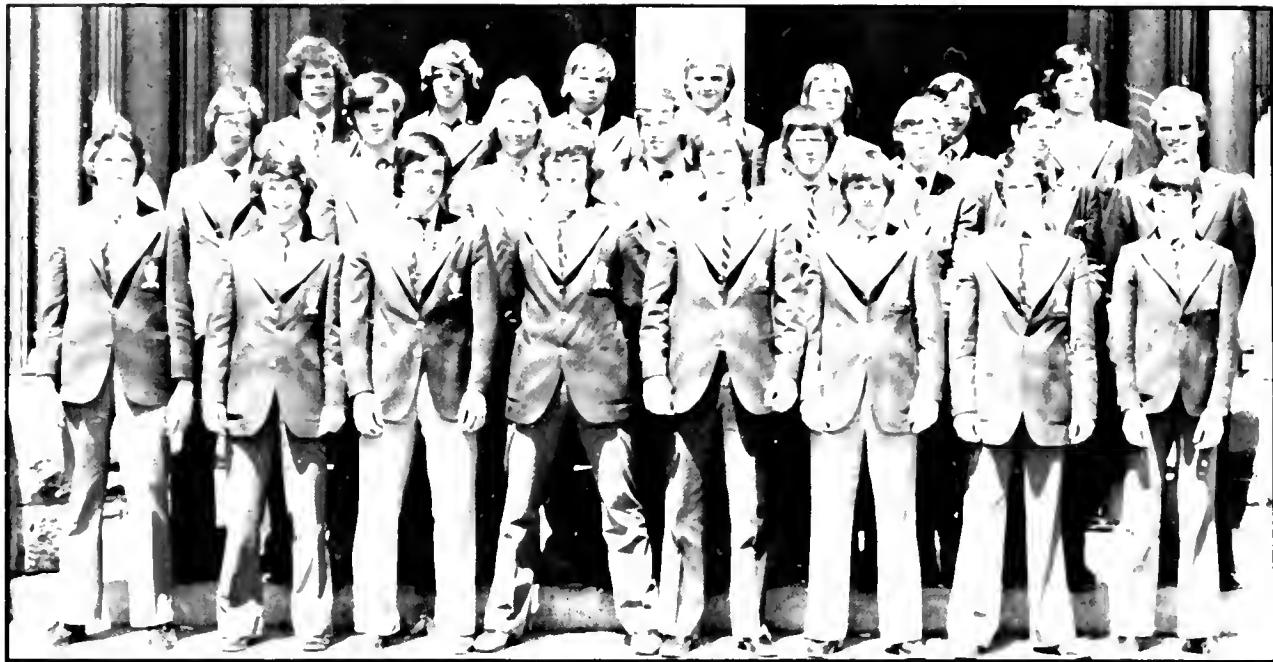
David Locke



David Pidgeon



Jim Webster



GRADE 12-1

TOP ROW: Gage Jull, Robert McCann, Doug Lawson, Mike Kaczala, Gord Roberts, Ted Frank, Tim McTague. MIDDLE ROW: Blake Johnstone, Robert Yarnell, Dave Campbell, Peter Burnside, Kevin McNaughton, Paul Clarke, Clifford Jansen, Mr. V. Clayton. BOTTOM ROW: Charles Kerr, Steve Knight, Mike Hendrick, Peter Meyrick, Chris Evans, Cam Harvey, Chris Anderson, David MacLennan.

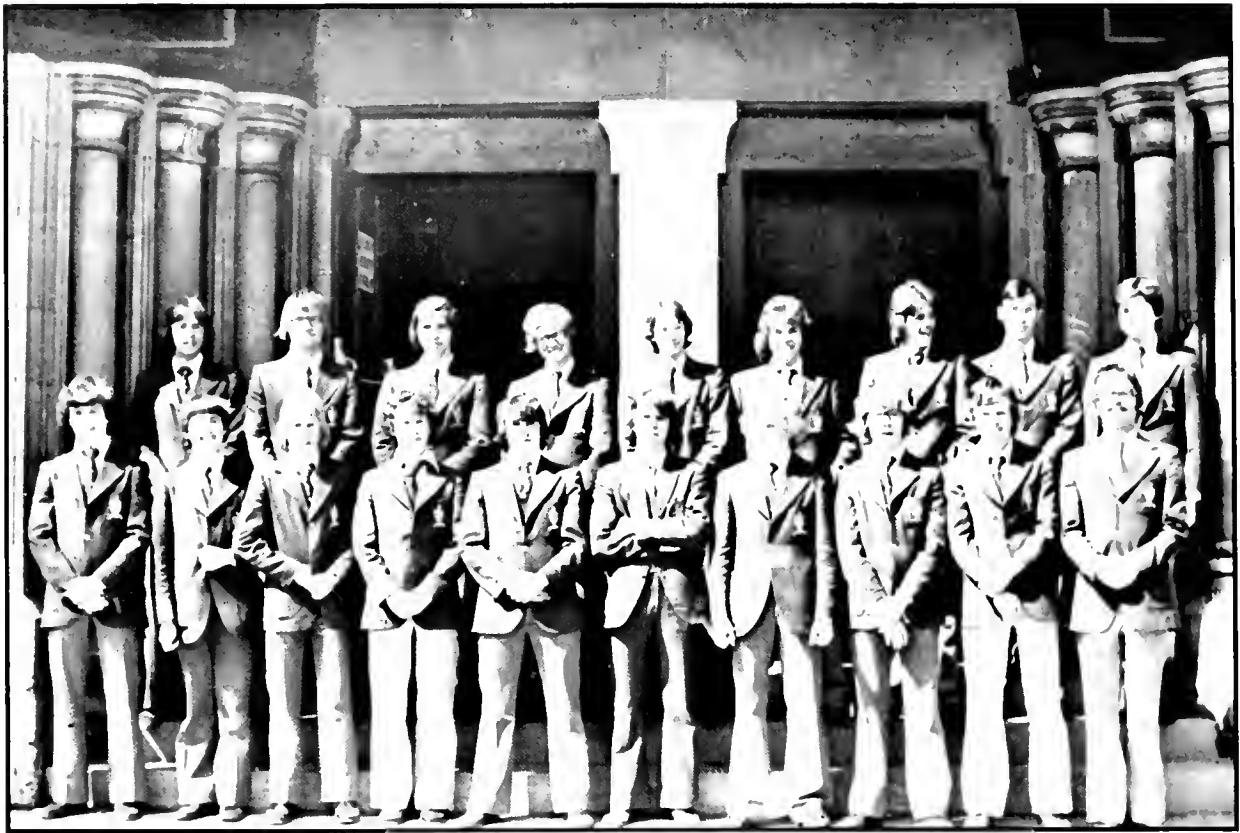




GRADE 12-2

TOP ROW: Mr. Armitage, Dave McNab, Scott Cameron, Bill Somerville, Rod Hunt, Dave Curtis. SECOND ROW: Andrew Waller, Guy Burry, Peter Coward, Andrew Rodgers, Pat McMichael, Grant Thompson, Brian Farquhar, Geoff Wheatstone. FRONT ROW: John Pringle, Mark Noxon, Dave Irvine, Doug Richmond, Tony Rubes, John Barclay, John Robinson.





GRADE 11-1

TOP ROW: Barry Chisholm, Peter Butler, Terry King, Chris Dawson, Ian Upjohn, Chris Bohme, John Sankey, Ian Lomax, Glen Ollers. BOTTOM ROW: Fraser Phillips, Peter Bain, Scott Butler, Brilan Hill, Mike Holmes, Dave Trusler, Vlm de Haas, Sandy McLaren, Brent Shields, Mr. G. Love.



GRADE

11-2

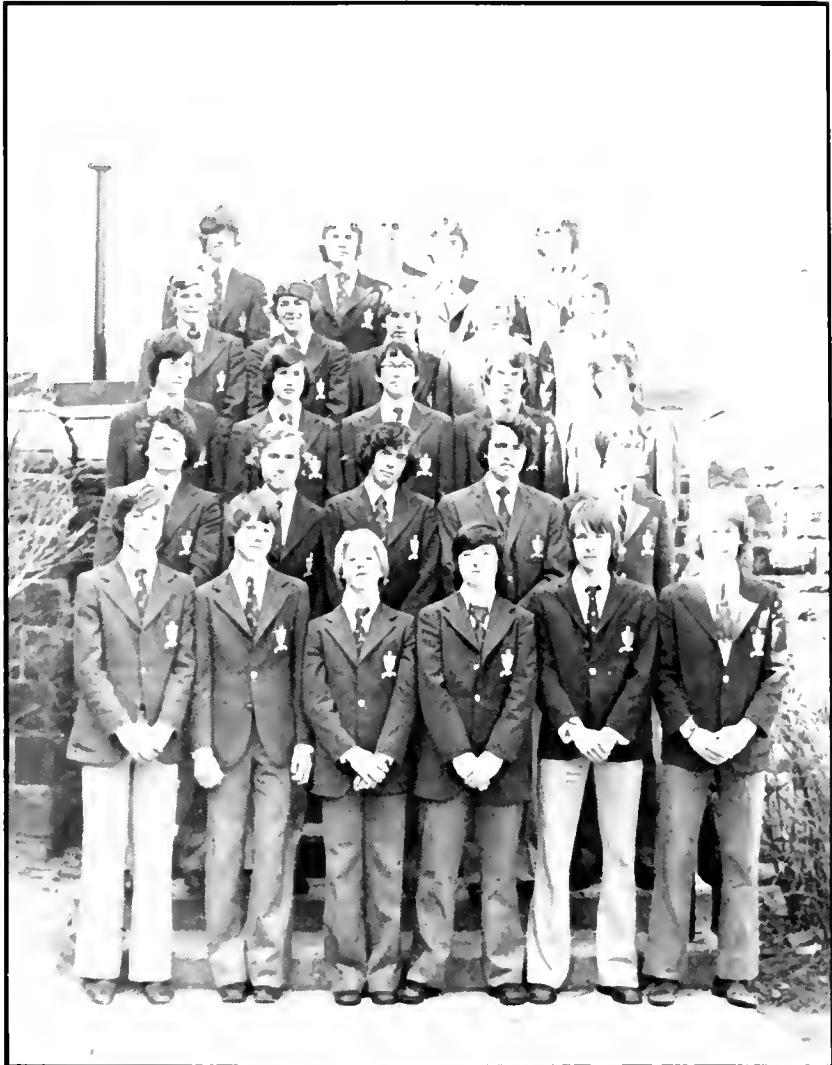


TOP ROW: Jack Ellis, Tom Cumming, Mr. R. Fulford, Kevin Matthews, Richard Hector. THIRD ROW: John Alexander, Tim Ormsby, Jock Sutherland, Bill Deacon, Kevin Drynan. SECOND ROW: Graeme Rogers, Chris Cook, David Flowers, Adrian Walton, Tony Kendrick. BOTTOM ROW: Jonathan Wynn, Sean Dewart, Raines Koby, Ian Houston, Doug Bell.



GRADE

10-1



TOP ROW: Donald Burry, John Millen, Mr. Gardner, Greg Fox, Andrew Spears. **FOURTH ROW:** Keith Lawes, Mike Richardson, Cam Crassweller, Doug Campbell, Nick Shilletto. **THIRD ROW:** Dean Turney, Mark Hunter, Paul Jennings, Mark Beattie, John LONDON. **SECOND ROW:** Paul Lynch, Richard Payne, Eric Fergusson, Robin King, Richard Curtis. **FRONT ROW:** Michael LeGresley, Tom Moffatt, Robert Shirer, David Reive, David Howarth, Ian Wilks.



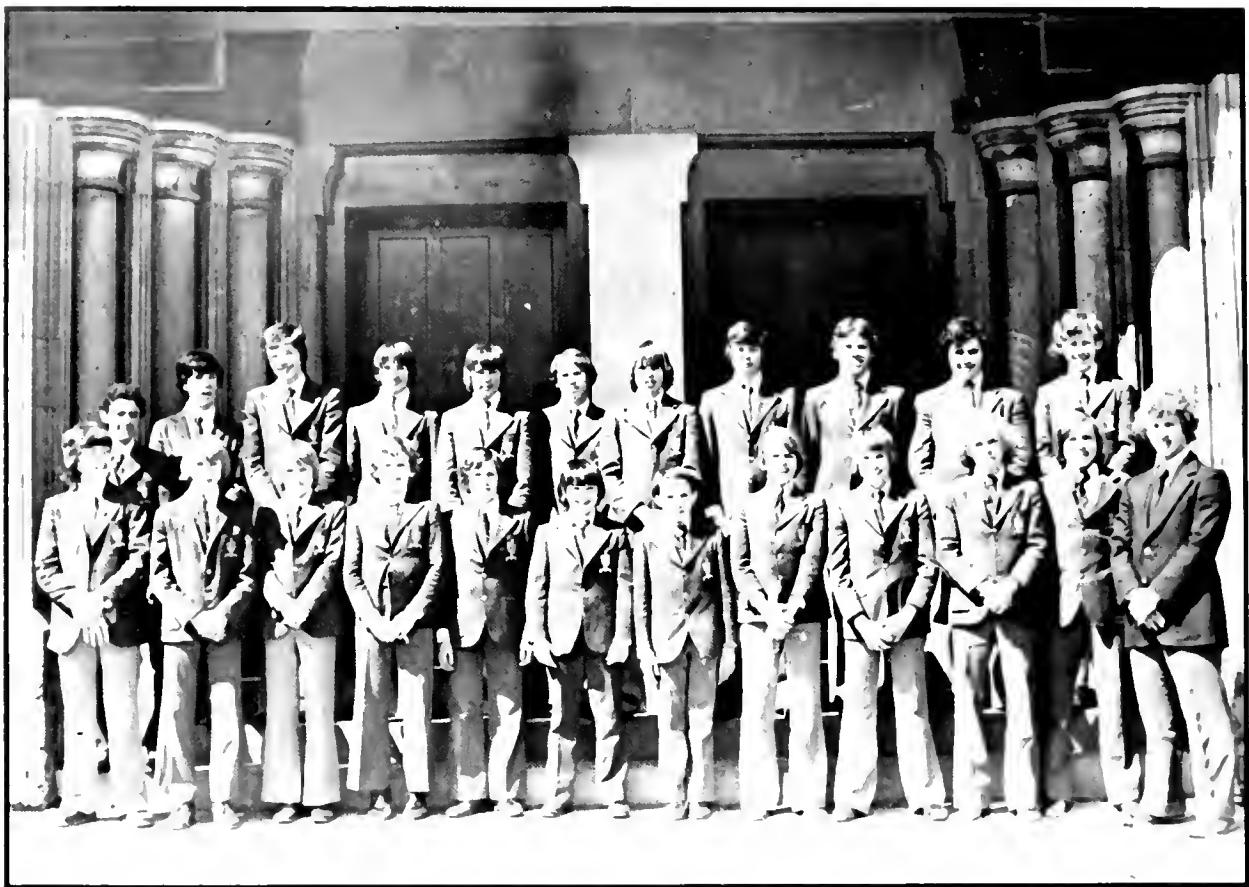
GRADE

10-2



TOP ROW: Chris Munro, Father Pegler, Drew Colnett. **THIRD ROW:** Paul Jewell, Gordon Montgomery, Rob Linghorn, Rob Angus. **SECOND ROW:** Doug Wigle, George Flint, Mike Saunders, Peter Gibson, Keith Fletcher. **BOTTOM ROW:** John Darrigo, Jay Murray, Richard Lloyd, Jim Landskail, Chris Baillie. **ABSENT:** Mike Low, Mark Westra.





GRADE 9-1

TOP ROW: Ed Jarjour, Malcolm Ness, Richard Stewart, Geoff Morphy, Geoff Bernardo, Robert Secor, Ben Hunter, Bob Evans, Mark Heisey, Leo Delelis, John Northcott. BOTTOM ROW: Paul Perryman, Mark Auld, Mike Cihra, Andrew Podnieks, Paul Sheperd, Ian Shenkel, Richard Gleasure, John Ball, Peter Hughes, Mike Gee, Bryan Campbell, Mr. Walker.



GRADE

9-2



TOP ROW: Tom Riley, Mr. R. Fraser, Chris Winship. FOURTH ROW: Garry Davidson, Michael Smith, Peter Holmes, Stephen Hastings. THIRD ROW: John Werry, Patrick Burka, David Guy, John Skey, Lindsay Smith. SECOND ROW: Robert McClelland, Paul Mazze, Ian Matthews, James Belch, Richard Kellam. FRONT ROW: David Shepard, Gregg Rice, Tom Moog, Jock MacLachlan, Doug Chaddock.

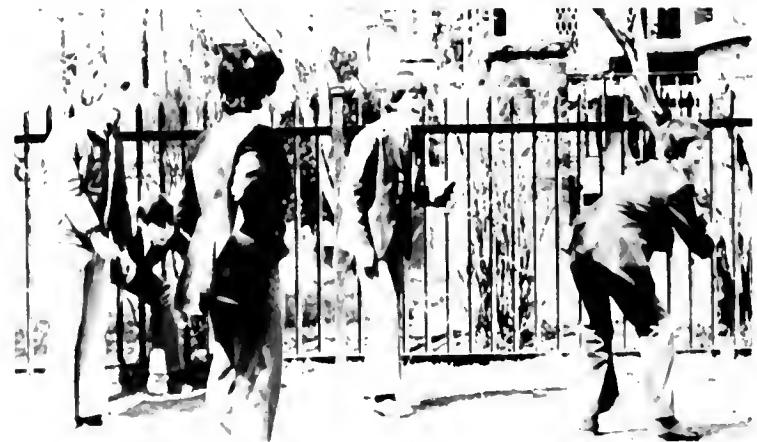


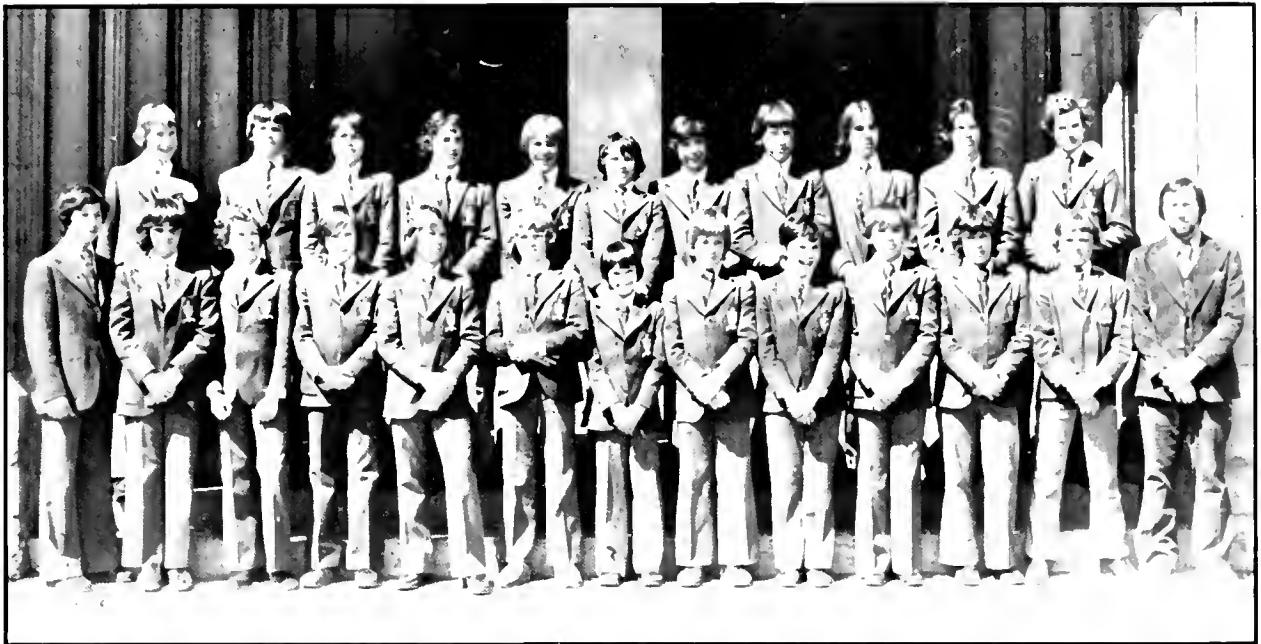
GRADE

8-1



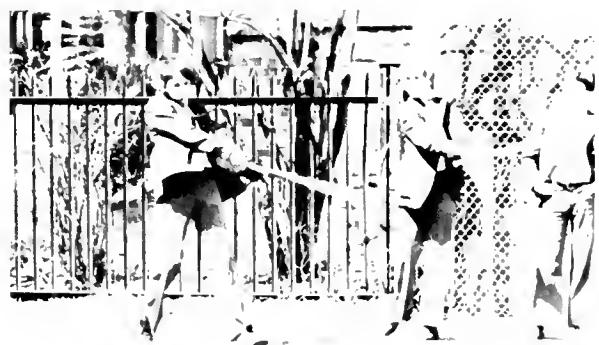
TOP ROW: Derek Apple, Mr. Kiddell, Richard Whittall. **FOURTH ROW:** Doug Jones, Andrew Trusler, Brad Hodgson, Craig Batten, Leonard Bosschart. **THIRD ROW:** John Revell, Andrew Bousfield, Cary Murphy, Doug Leuty, John Bolitho, Brian Tobin, David Hill, Fraser Morrison. **BOTTOM ROW:** Geoff Clute, Corey Glynn, Jamie Zakuta, Peter Miller, Charles Arnoldi.





GRADE 8-2

BOTTOM ROW: Jamie Brenzel, Peter Keresteci, Chris Payne, Chris Martin, Blake Melnck, Ian de Haas, Chuck Houthby, Jamie Osborne, Alasdair Campbell, Eric Moog, Jeff Sedgwick, Cam Wigle, Mr. McEwen.
TOP ROW: Ramon Forgiel, Bruce Lawes, Ken Davies, David Kennedy, Steve Dembroski, Skip McGrath, Graeme Laing, Reid Farril, Mike Flowers, Bob Bird, Richard Cohen.



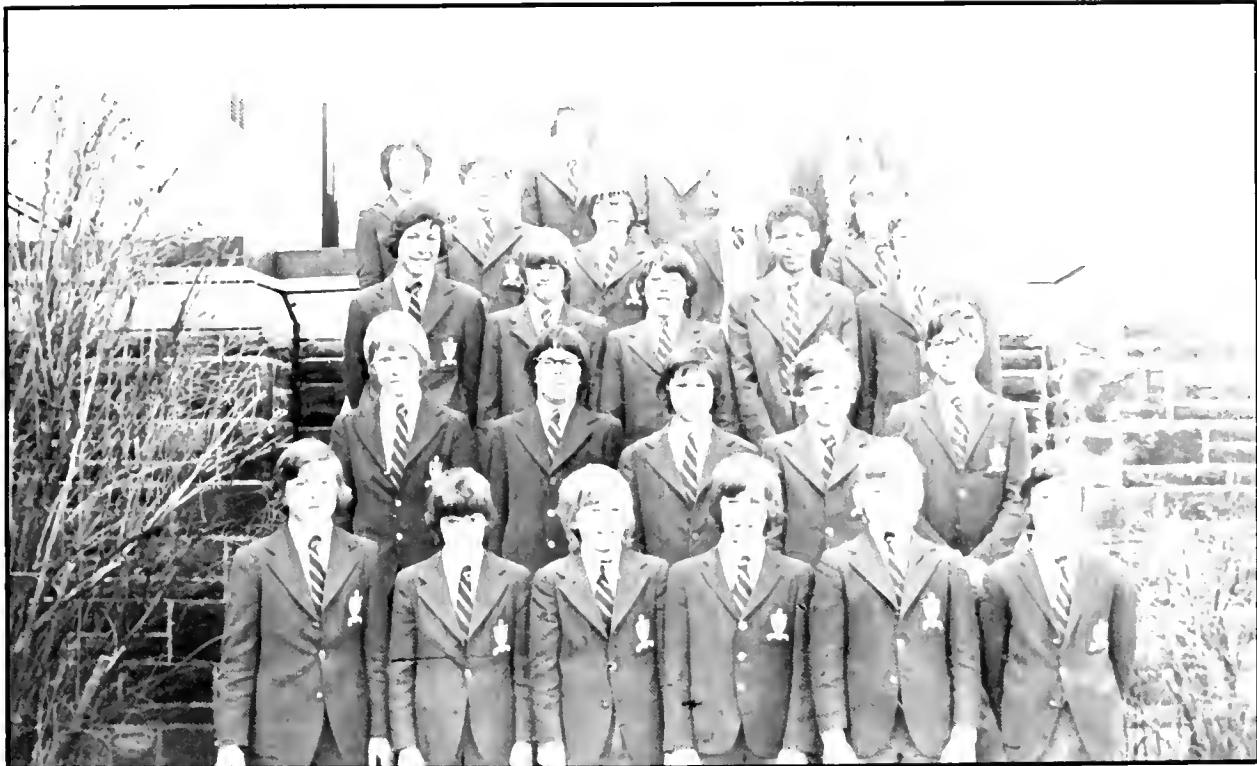
GRADE

7-1



TOP ROW: Mr. J. Birkett, Marc Allodi, Mark Benson, John Cork. **FOURTH ROW:** Anthony Birozes, Paul Beattie, Bruce Alexander, Justin Hearn, Ian Fowler. **THIRD ROW:** Geoffrey Browne, Chris Gauthier, Joel Bousfield, Robert Allison, Sephen Crerar. **SECOND ROW:** John Edwards, Peter Anthony, David Cullen, Norman Cook, Greg Andrews. **FIRST ROW:** James Besson, Geoffrey Batten, Mark Bristoll, Matthew Clarke, Richard Clements.



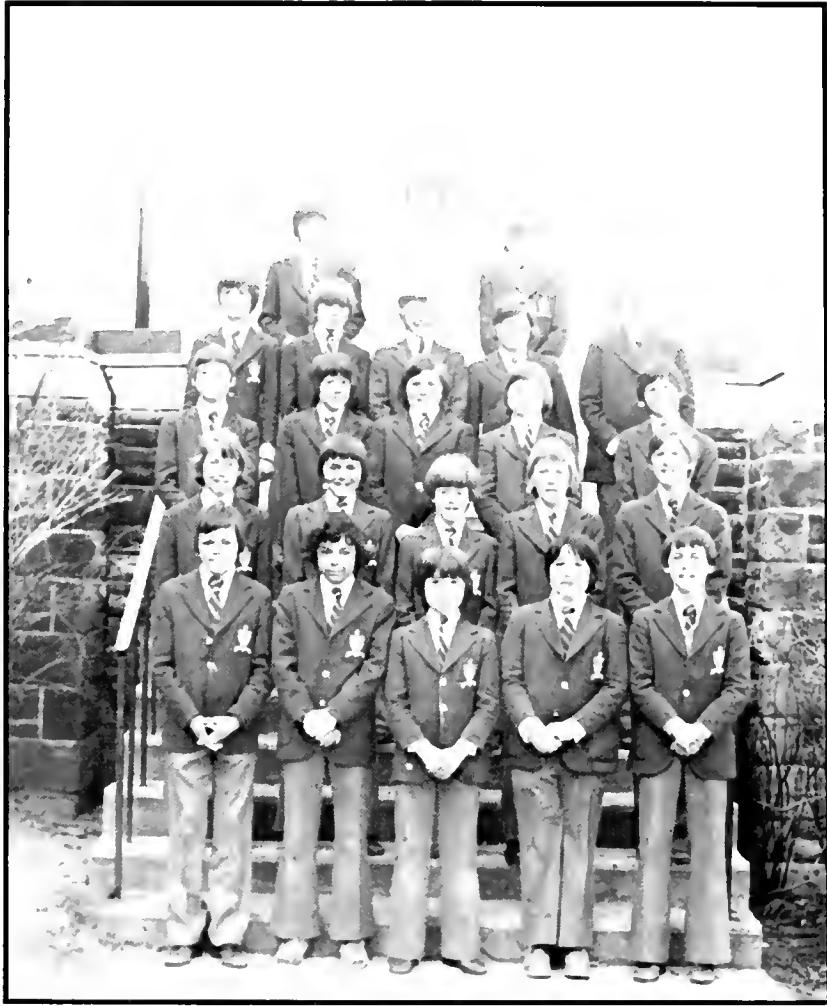


GRADE 7-2

TOP ROW: David Kellam, Jeff Mock, Stanley Janeck, Mr. Stevenson.
FOURTH ROW: Miles Ridout, Tim Volk, Charles Northcott, Jim Ovenden. THIRD ROW: David Joy, David Pitman, Andrew Robertson, Larry Taylor, Bruce Jones. SECOND ROW: Nicholas Wedgwood, Trevor Juniper, Doug North, Stephen Murdoch, Chris Crassweller. BOTTOM ROW: Daniel Louth, Michael Martin, Hugh Brown, Douglas Smith, Kenneth Clarke, Lee Weston.

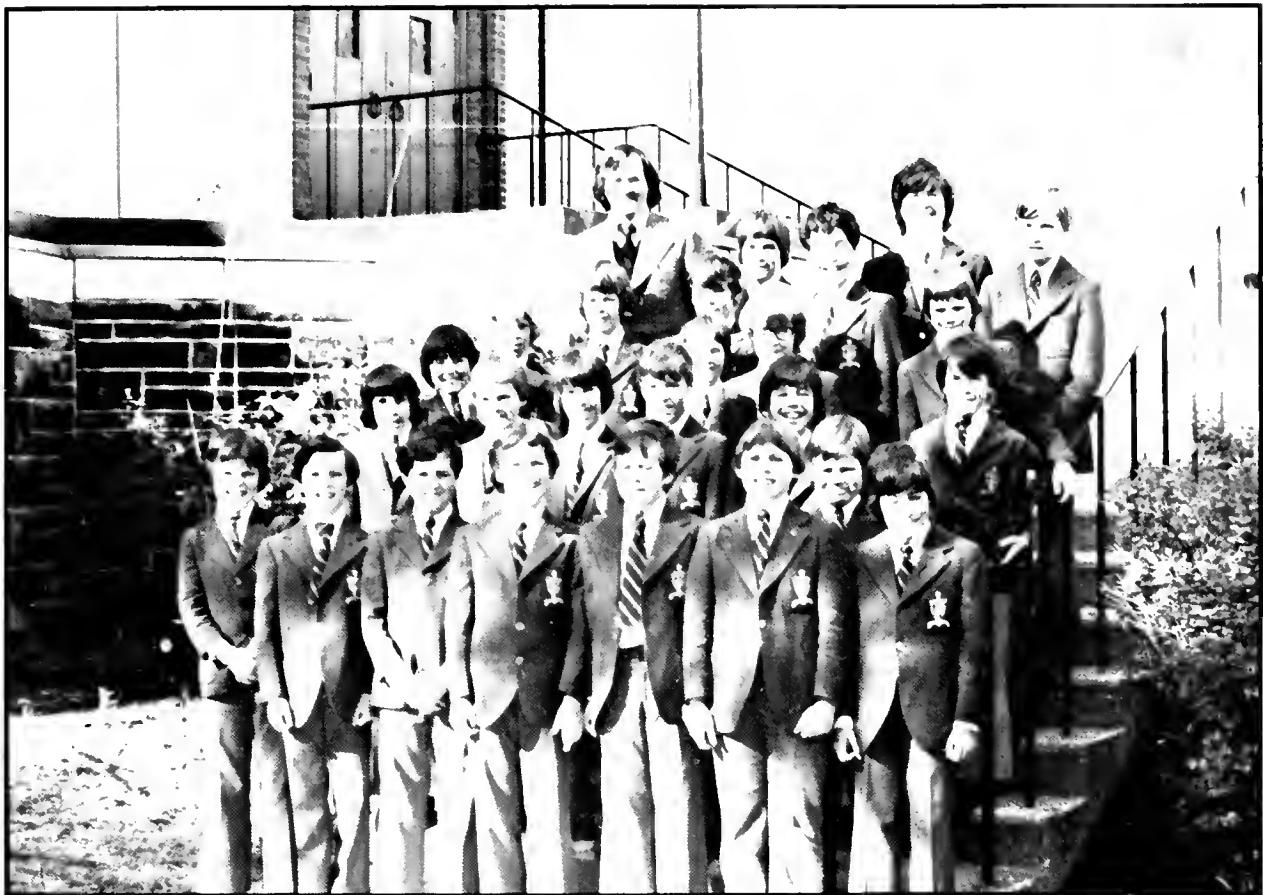


GRADE 6



TOP ROW: Kevin Smith, Mr. MacNeil, Andrew Abouchar. **FOURTH ROW:** Jamie Gilbert, Graeme Morrison, Tom Fogden, Michael Brown, Peter Cork. **THIRD ROW:** Ted Parker, Mike McGrath, Eric Pringle, Andrew Walker, Sean Eve. **SECOND ROW:** Philip Grenfell, Michael Kostiuk, Chris Golding, David Woolcombe, Ian Crassweller. **FRONT ROW:** Tom Belch, Andrew Rogers, Tood Abraham, John Conforzi, Timothy Watson.





GRADE 5

TOP ROW: Mr. Smith, William Henry, David Rosen, Paul Darrigo, Lomax. SECOND ROW: Nigel White, Jamie Hicks, Bill Houston, Belch. THIRD ROW: Charles Bristoll, Andrew Pace, Damien Maundcote-Carter. FOURTH ROW: Alexei Marcilio, Stewart Istvan, Dougall Gorden, Adam Shirriff, David Tanovich, Robert Sharwood. FOURTH ROW: Michael Russell, Peter Brenzel, Rickey Brosnan, Kevin Eden, Jamie Kiely, Howard Sangwine, Steven Drawbell, Jeff Ruscica.



GRADE 4



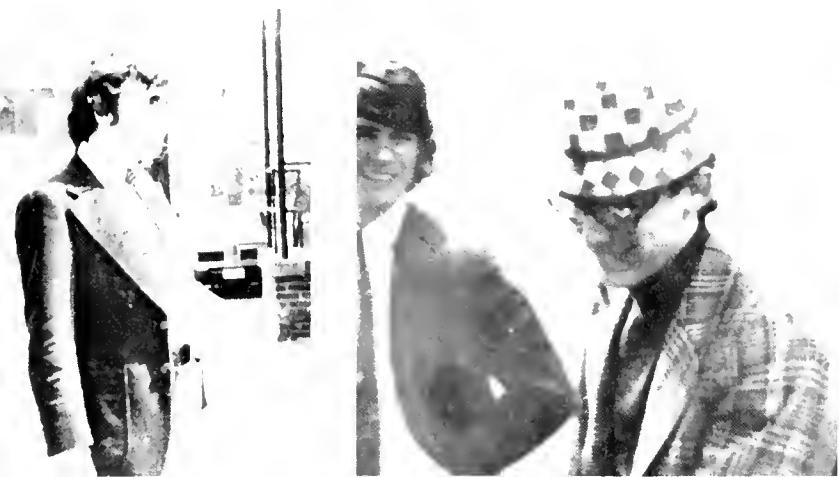
TOP ROW: Dana Crang, Ian Edward, Mr. Baxter, Greg Hodgson, Alex Fogden. **THIRD ROW:** Nicholas Wedgewood, George Panos, Jeremy Graham, George Skarbek-Borowski. **SECOND ROW:** Jamie Moore, Jeremy Tindal, Timmy Brown, Nicholas Marcilio, Daniel Silver. **FRONT ROW:** John MacIntosh, Tony Hanley, David-John Clyde, Mark Halyk, Liam Ball.



CANDID SHOTS

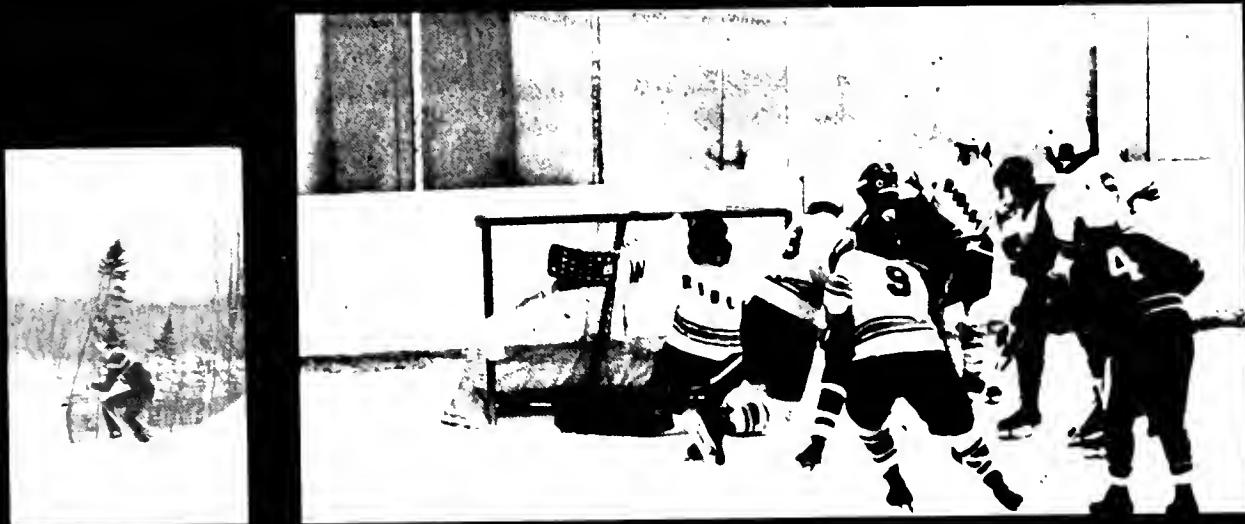














SPORTS

FIRST SOCCER



The First Soccer team's season was marked by constant improvement of the team as individuals and as a unit. We owe most of the credit to our coach, Mr. Tim Burns, who has instructed us for the past two seasons. Despite the fact that our team lacked the scoring power to become a winning team, the games were kept close and exciting by our exceptionally strong defense. Although we ended up on the wrong side of the fence, our team displayed good enthusiasm and drive. Something that we definitely lacked this year was school support, and we hope to see an improvement in this department next year. We are also looking forward to having a very strong team next year. Tim Durnford, who has made an excellent contribution to our team, shall be the only loss in the 1976 season, the team will certainly miss him. It is to our advantage that many of the other teams are going to lose their older, more experienced players. We have the will to win, we have the skill to win, and our support is growing. I think that next year we can put it all together and become a major contender in the competition for the ISAA Cup.

Mike Hendrick

STANDING: Mr. T. Burns, G. Wheatstone, K. McNaughton, M. Hendrick, P. Meyrick, T. Durnford, A. Rodgers, K. Matthews. **KNEELING:** C. Crassweller, A. Waller, P. Coward, J. Pringle, D. Richmond, T. Rubes.





UNDER 16

SOCCKER





STANDING: Mr. Kiddell, D. Campbell, T. Moffat, B. Shields, J. Sankey, B. Hill, M. Hunter, B. Chisolm, R. Angus. **KNEELING:** C. Dawson, T. King, F. Phillips, G. Fox, K. Lawes, J. Millen, D. Bell.

The U-16 Soccer team, despite the lack of recruits, compiled the best record ever by a second soccer team at St. George's. Our 1-7-2 record does not truly show how well our team played, and every team member is to be commended for the effort that he put into the team's play. Conditioning made up the major force of our attack. Mr. Kiddell must be thanked for the many hours that he spent coaching, teaching the fundamentals of the game, self-discipline, and sportsmanship. One must remember that today's second teams will become tomorrow's first teams in the years to come.

Brian Hill



UNDER 15

SOCCER



This year's soccer team had a very good year. We didn't lose very many, we tied quite a few, and managed to win a couple. We played well against St. Andrew's (4-4), Appleby (6-1), Lakefield (1-1) and two games against Upper Canada (3-3), and (1-1). In all of the games it was a total team effort, and the scores indicate this. I think that in the future St. George's will be the team to beat. The team was well trained and coached by Mr. Love. It was an extremely successful year.

Geoff Bernardo



STANDING: Mr. Love, B. Hodgson, C. Winship, M. Flowers, M. Smith, G. Morphy, G. Bernardo, R. Secor, P. Lynch. KNEELING: P. Mazze, C. Clokie, M. Gee, M. Worral, J. Brenzel, P. Hughes.

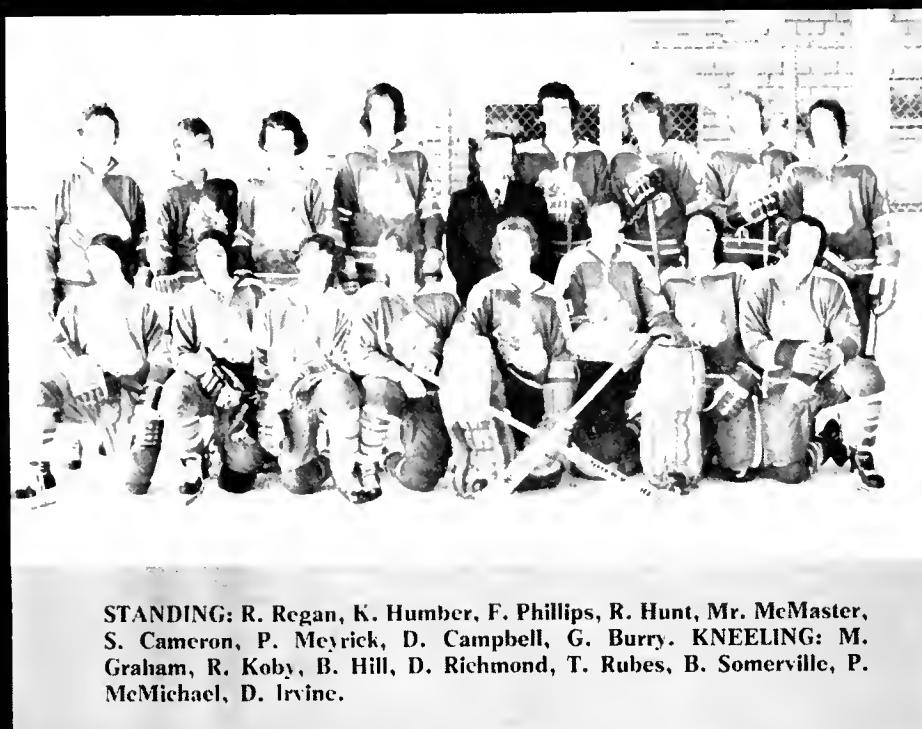


JUNIOR SCHOOL SOCCER





FIRST HOCKEY



STANDING: R. Regan, K. Humber, F. Phillips, R. Hunt, Mr. McMaster, S. Cameron, P. Meyrick, D. Campbell, G. Burry. **KNEELING:** M. Graham, R. Koby, B. Hill, D. Richmond, T. Rubes, B. Somerville, P. McMichael, D. Irvine.

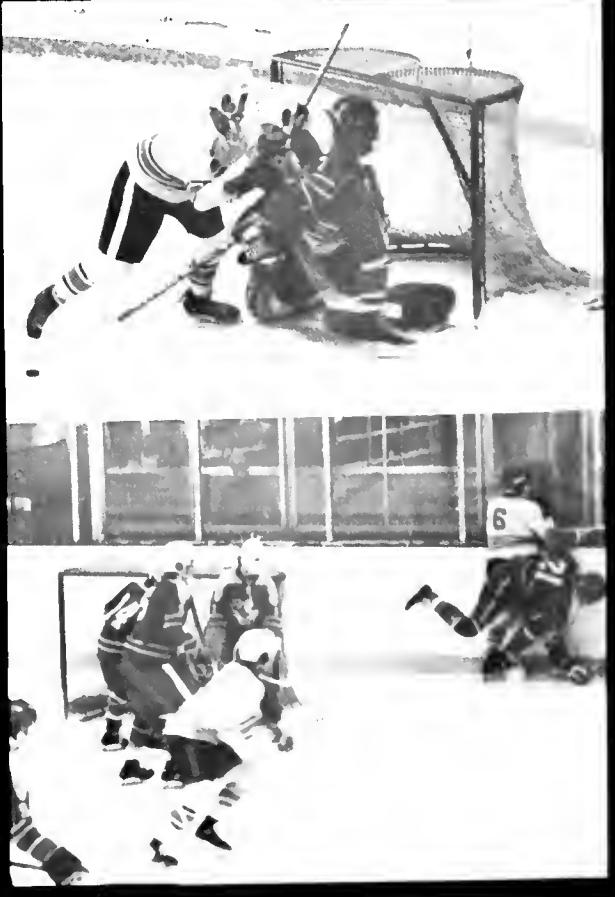


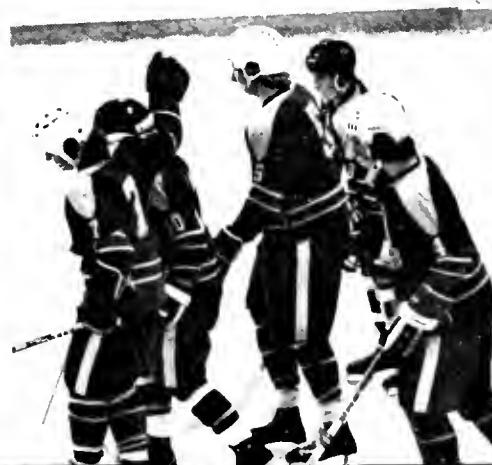
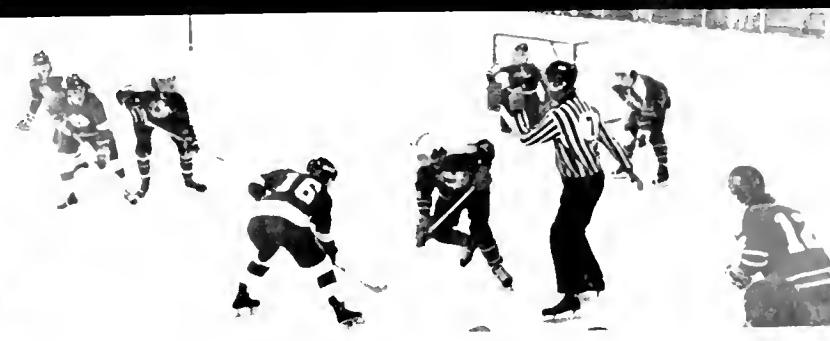
This year's First Hockey Team was very successful due to the determination and effort given by every player involved. We had a very successful season in that it was the first time we had experienced playing bona-fide first teams from other schools. Against a few of them we faired quite well, while on the other hand we occasionally experienced the agony of defeat. This year we had the strongest team the school has ever had. The addition of three new grade thirteen gave us the added power needed to make the team respectable. These players, combined with veteran center Doug Richmond and wingers Guy Burry and Pat McMichael, gave us a great offensive boost. Defensively, we were anchored by three competent players in Scott Cameron, Dave Campbell, and Pete Meyrick. Special thanks go to our goaltender Tony Rubes for his continuous effort in net, even when we gave him minimal support. Thanks also go to the rookies Brian Hill, Fraser Phillips and Raines Koby for their contribution. Last but not least, thanks go to Rod (Killer) Hunt, Cam Crassweller, Kevin Mathews, and Nick Shilletto for their hearts and efforts towards making this season a good one.

Finally, I, as well as all other players on the team would like to thank our coach Mr. McMaster for his contribution in coaching excellence. Once again he proved to be a short, mean, and nasty drill sergeant!

Thanks for a great year!

Dave Irvine





SECOND HOCKEY

The St. George's Second Hockey Team had its finest year this season. Led by the excellent coaching abilities of Mr. Kiddell, the team broke from school tradition and had a successful season with eight wins, four losses, and no ties. The team was unfortunately plagued with injuries and ended up playing with ten players at the end of the season. With great effort and superior team play, we managed to pull through as a winning team. Thanks for a great season!

Mark Hunter



UNDER 15 HOCKEY

The U-15 hockey team enjoyed a competitive winter of hockey. Coached by Mr. Clayton, this sturdy group of Grand 8 and 9 students began their season with a victory over Appleby College. The team concluded its fall term schedule at the St. Andrews U-15 Invitational Tournament. Although the team lost two games and won one, they gave a very good account of themselves. During the winter term, the team played a number of exciting games and showed improvement in basic hockey skills and team play.

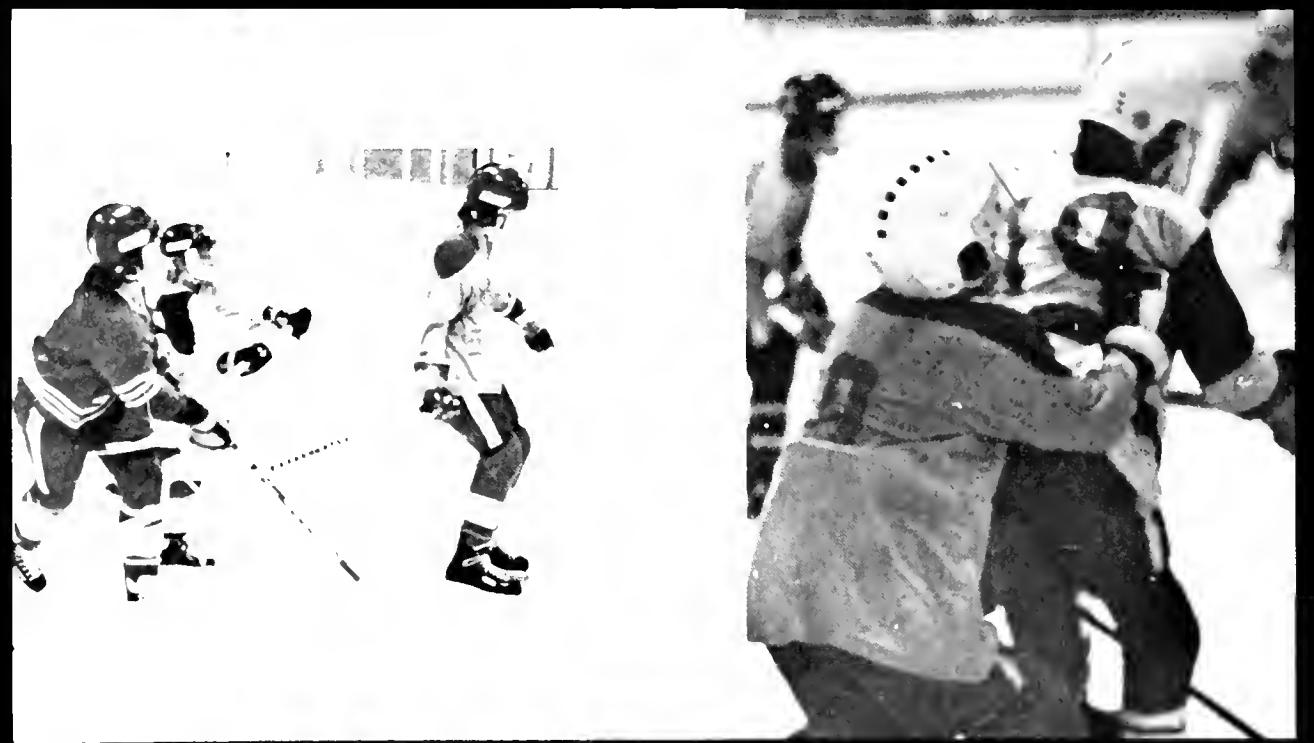
Record

SGC 9 vs Appleby	6
SGC 0 vs U.T.S.	2
SGC 6 vs Appleby	4
SGC 5 vs Crescent	2
SGC 1 vs St. Andrews	11
SGC 0 vs U.C.C.	9
SGC 5 vs U.C.C.	2
SGC 2 vs Ridley	2
SGC 6 vs St. Andrews	1





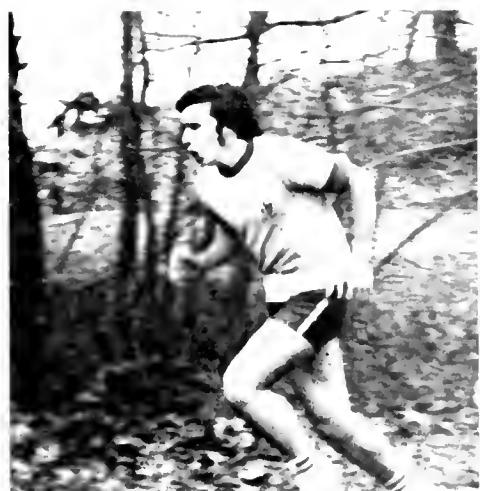
JUNIOR HOCKEY



CROSS COUNTRY



STANDING: Mr. V. Clayton, Ian Lomax, Ian Upjohn, Rob McCann, Mike Richardson, Mike Flowers, John Robinson, Gord Roberts, KNEELING: Grant Thompson, Jonathan Wynn, Richard Lloyd, Eric Ferguson, Dean Turney, John Burry, Paul Sheperd. ABSENT: Chris Anderson, Robert Yarnell.



FIRST BASKETBALL



BACK ROW: G. Jull, M. Hendrick, R. Hector, M. Kaczala, C. Evans. FRONT ROW: E. Ferguson, S. Knight, G. Ollers, B. Johnston, K. McNaughton, B. Deacon, Mr. Dunkley.

This year's First Basketball Team completed its third season in the First Division with a relatively new team upon the graduation of Ian Boake and Company. At the beginning of the year, turning in a winning season, overcoming the obstacles of establishing team spirit, and getting to know the other players were our first priorities.

The team turned in convincing wins over Hillfield, Trinity, Crescent, and had a very close loss to Upper Canada. At this point we found ourselves in contention for first place in our division, but a loss to the eventual winners, Ridley, and a poor game against St. Andrew's was the turning point in our season. With an overtime loss to Appleby and a loss to Hillfield, we ended the season with a 5-6 record. However, that statistic is somewhat misleading as we scored the most points (552) out of all eight schools, and were fourth in points against (468).

Many thanks to Coach Dunkley and his efforts in teaching us the fundamentals and skills necessary in establishing a winning team. His contributions were extended to arranging four exhibition games against teams from Fenelon Falls, St. Catharines, Northern Secondary, and a men's team from the city. These games provided excellent practice and experimental opportunities. Mr. Dunkley is already planning next year's strategy in hopes of turning our team into man-to-man defence, and to improve our running game in order to create more offensive output.

Blake Johnston





SECOND BASKETBALL



BACK ROW: Mr. Dunkley, D. Wigle, R. Hector, J. Lanskail.
FRONT ROW: M. Beattie, C. Dawson, T. King, B. Shields,
D. Bell.

The loss of most of last year's team was a heavy blow to the second team, but Providence provided the team with some talented rookies. These new players, coupled with a few returning regulars helped the team hold its own against the other schools, and to come away with another winning season. The year started off with a streak of four wins: Crescent (40-18); S.A.C. 3rds (59-43); T.C.S. (31-18); and Ridley (38-19). The team then slumped a bit with losses against: S.A.C. (49-63); and U.C.C. (40-47), but regained its footing with a couple of wins against: T.C.S. (46-28); and Crescent (34-32). A loss to an excellent team from U.C.C. (25-40) and a hard fought, well deserved win over S.A.C. (50-45) rounded out the season, giving the second's a 7 win - 3 loss record. Despite the loss of several players next year, some up-and-coming talent promises a bright future for the St. George's 2nd basketball team.

Terry King

SKIING

Throughout the season the St. George's ski team had three races. The first one was held at St. Andrew's College. It was a cross country ski race. Members participating were: M. Hendrick, P. Clarke, G. Rogers, J. Sutherland, S. Butler, J. Wood, and D. Trusler; the junior team members were: G. Laing, P. Holmes, J. Brenzel, A. Trusler, B. Farquhar, M. Holmes and V. DeHass. Other team members include M. Flowers and M. Gee. In this cross country meet the senior team placed second in the senior race and the junior team placed third in the junior race.

The next meet was held at Bethany ski club. The race was a combination of cross country and alpine racing. The senior team left with a first and the juniors with a third.

Our last ski encounter was at Blue Mountain Ski Club. Both the juniors and the seniors placed third. In sum our team enjoyed a fairly successful season. Next year we hope to have more than three meets and intend on winning them all.

D. Trusler



TRACK AND FIELD



The St. George's College Track and Field team has just completed its most successful year. The boys began training in February, and despite the lack of facilities, they worked very hard. The junior team was particularly strong, and the seniors continued to grow in both quantity and quality.

Outstanding individual performances came from Tim Ormsby, Cam Crassweller, and Bill Deacon.

The junior relay team of Brent Shields, Mike Miller, Terry King, and Geoff Wheatstone had an exceptional year. As a team, they were undefeated throughout the year. Their string of victories included a track record at the Quaker Relays.

Many thanks to the coaches and to all the boys who helped make this a memorable year.

Mr. R. Fraser







HOUSE FOOTBALL



SWIM TEAM

As the swimming team began we started with approximately ten keen swimmers who met three or four times a week to train at St. Albans pool. These team members trained hard and in so doing generated much enthusiasm among their peers. The net result has been an incredible growth in team members from ten to twenty-one. Not only has the team grown in numbers but also in strength and skill.

During the course of our swimming term, the team was ably captained by Michael Miller. We did extremely well in all our swim meets, especially when we were outnumbered usually three to one. Our greatest victory was over the St. Andrew's College team; this was early in the term and was quite encouraging.

The I.S.A.A. Annual Swim Meet was indeed a highlight for swimmers who took part. Unfortunately, it came at a time just prior to the team's spurt in growth and fell on a day when rival sports such as skiing caused some of our key swimmers to be absent. As a result only six boys from the team were able to represent St. George's. Undaunted by the incredibly heavy odds, our team entered the maximum number of events and did very well indeed. As a result of attending this highly organised and widely represented event, we were able to observe the excellent swimming calibre of other independent schools.

At our "end of year" party, kindly hosted by Scott Butler we had a barbecue, fun, fellowship and a film on the Canadian olympic team in training. All of this fostered a feeling of unity and great team spirit.

In closing I must make mention of the great pleasure I have derived from working with boys of such high calibre as those on the team. With our potential in all four strokes we are looking forward to an excellent year ahead.

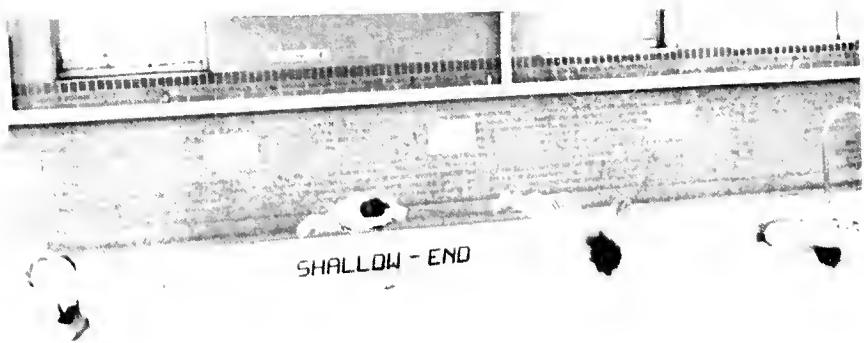


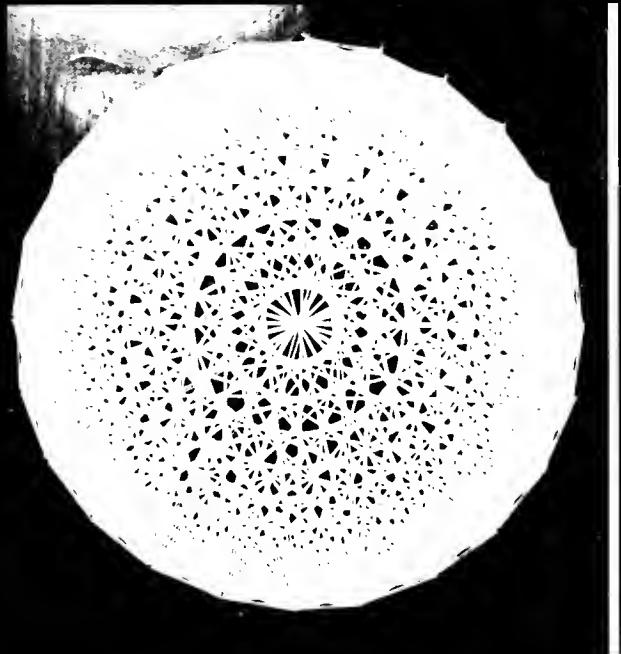
STANDING: V. DeHaas, C. Bohme, J. Tasker, D. Trusler, M. Ness, Mr. Baxter. **KNEELING:** B. Hill, S. Butler, B. Chisholm, N. Martin-Sperry, G. Morphy. **SITTING:** A. Cambell, J. Zakuta, A. Bousfield, F. Morrison, A. Trusler.

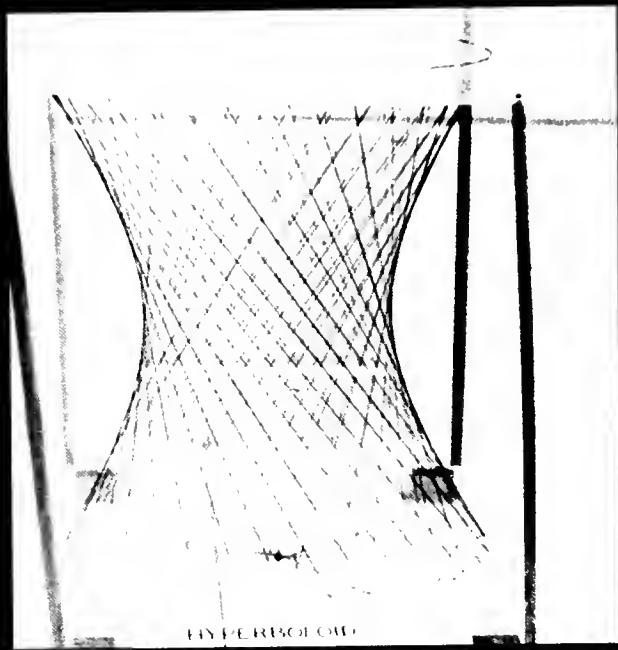
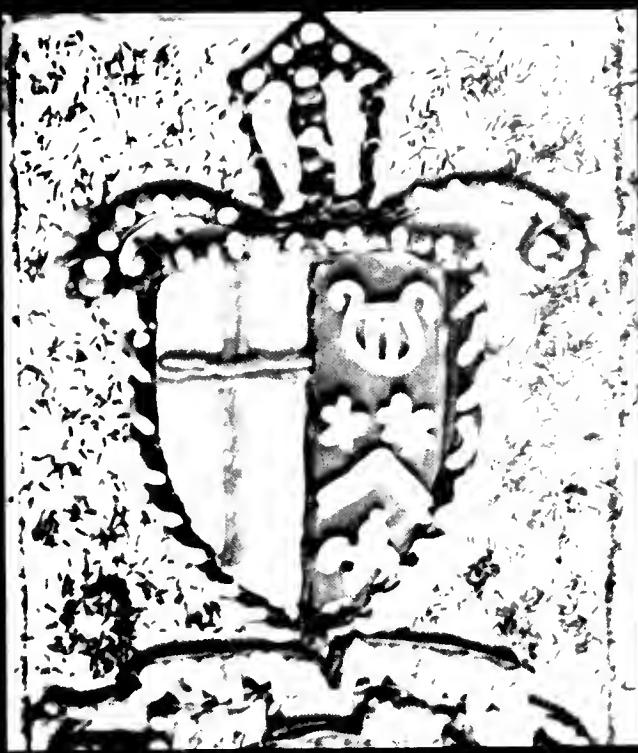


Mr. D.A. Baxter
Coach









HYPERBOLOID



God

God, of Nature's birth,
Saw no evil,
Yet no good did come
To man.

Anonymous.

ART AND LITERARY

The Student's Essential Dictionary

CLAUSTROPHOBIC: one who has the desire to climb inside ducts, pipes or chimneys, especially on the eve of December 25.

DFCIMATED: a state of being totally ruined during the process of learning the metric system.

ECBD: extra-curricular brain-drain.

GEOGRAPHY: a science subdivided into specific studies where any big world ending in -ology qualifies.

GERMAN: a language, the study of which enables one to insult a non-German with impunity.

HISTORY: ECBD, the study of past events which an historian is doomed to repeat - except in writing (and a word only paints one one thousandth of the picture.)

KLAPTONIAC: one who likes to make noise or disturbances in a public gathering by excessive applause.

LATIN: ECBD, the language which is learnt by students wishing to become Latin teachers.

MANIAC: one who is always preoccupied by the study of words.

MASOCHIST: a deteriorated state of mind enabling one to read all of this voluntarily.

MATH: the science where representative symbols are used to ask an easy question in the hardest ways.

PHYSICAL EDUCATION: Abbr. B.O.

PHYSICS: the science where composition's representative symbols are used to represent math's representative symbols to simplify description of matter and energy.

PYROMANIAC: one who steals pyramids and smokes Camels.

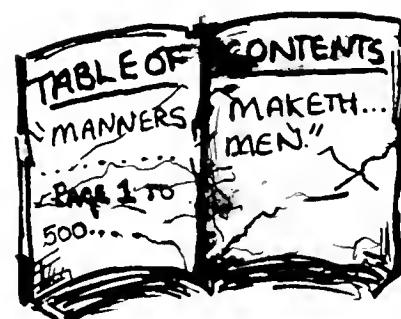
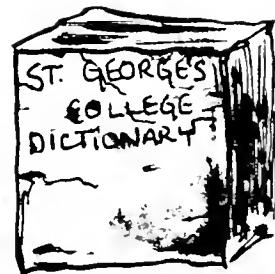
SCHIZOPHRENIC: a condition when one experiences sudden uncontrollable changes when put behind a wheel, due mainly to a spastic right foot.

TYPHUS: a fatal disease, the result of an accumulative ring-around-the-collar condition, propagated by the wearing of ties.

ZZZZZ: the net product of Friday Chapel services.

ECONOMICS: is comprised of complicated terms explaining the obvious.

Ian Lomax

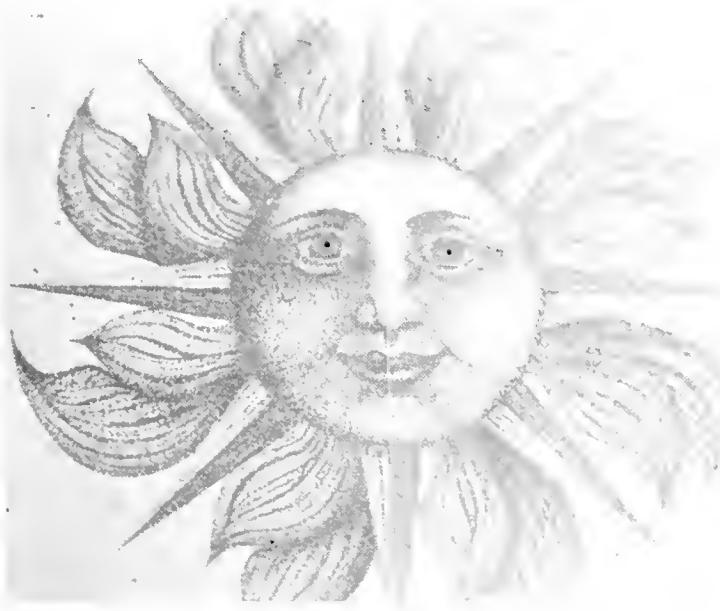


The more enjoyable aspect of coming to school.

Kids

We who reach up and are
pushed away -
Kids
We who are told "not today" -
Kids
We are the ones who will grow
up and.
Talk to ours the very same way -
Kids!

Ian deHaas



The Sun

It glares.
It shines.
It's slightly coy,
But most of all,
It brings out joy.

Ian deHaas

Who's In My Garden

Who's in my garden
Warmed by the sun?
A pair of young foxes
Raced for the sun
With noses up high
And tails down low
The foxes fell sleepy
As fast as you know.
Who's in my garden
Frozen by ice?
A pair of young foxes
With tails in the ice.

James Brenzel

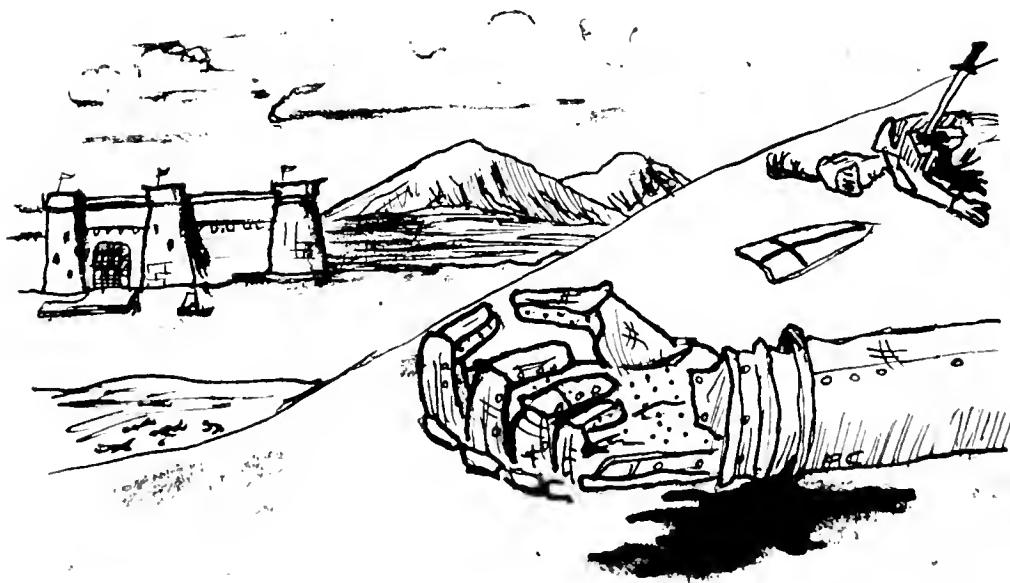


After the Battle

It was July 18th, 1477. It was after a great battle that my stomach almost turned when I saw the hundreds of dead or dying people lying around. Some had their heads split or removed while others had arms and legs gone. Soon the lords came taking all the worthy possessions of the dying men by taking their swords and armour. Then came the soldiers removing all their clothes and cutting the men apart as is they were beef and putting their heads on sticks and parading around like wild animals. What disgusted me most was the fact that they did not even put the dying out of their misery. Rather they let them die slowly.

Now there was a stink in the air; the stink of rotten and dry blood of flies eating the dead men who were not buried. Well, in the evening came the feast of the victory. I did not partake in this event but rather buried the dead. This made me sick several times. I had to put the separate pieces in the ground one at a time and sometimes put different parts on people so that they made up a whole body even though they were not the same person's parts. After my job was done I went up to my room and said and prayed all night that man would be forgiven for his sins in war.

Sean Eve



Nightly Fears

The last of the candle light flickered away. The only light left was the still, silent, full, moon rolling behind the clouds which shone through my window and cast a shadow on the scraped and scuffed wooden floor.

My night cap was low over my eyes so I pulled it up because I was frightened by the fact that it might slip over my eyes and block my vision.

My heavy blanket kept me warm and I was glad of this, for the cold night air was cold enough to make the bravest eskimo faint at the sight of the thermometer.

The distant howl of a wolf chilled the blood of my body which was already chilled with fright. A mouse running across the floor along with the sound of a carriage going by nearly drove me through the wall with fright and it was then that I realized this was not going to be a comfortable night.

Peter Cork

The 24th of December

The clock ticks slowly in the hall
And slower and slower the long
hours crawl.

It seems though today would never
pass
This day before Santa came to
visit.

Mark Halyk

THAT'S A HOT DOG AND
A COKE ... JUST \$1.95 .



Death 1

The dark horse without famous people
Plods down the desolate cemetery path
Stirrups reversed, not possible to use.
Strange, rigid figures, with a waxy stare
Staring incessantly, into nowhere.

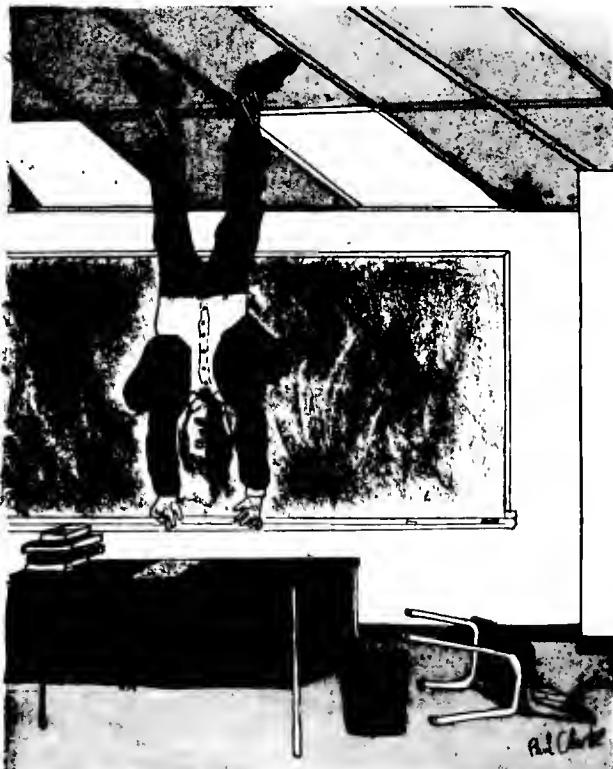
Death, like darkness
Seems to encircle one.
At dark, mysterious rituals
Which we all obey.
Is it ever to be known?

Peter Huteheon

Christmas Is The Time of Year

Christmas is a time of year
To celebrate that Christ is here
Christmas is pine trees dressed with lights
Parcels with ribbons shiny and bright
Snow flakes dancing high in the air
People rushing with no time to spare
Mother roasting turkey in the oven
And sounds of carols heard in the air
And this is Christmas for which I care.

Dana Crang



"ALL RIGHT 'FELLAS, CUT OUT
THIS 'KRAZY GLUE' NONSENSE!"



Crows Over The Wheat Field

The eye is quickly caught by colours spashed
Upon this final sheet. As field and sky
Between themselves dispute the page. The field
Is yellow gouged with green. The sky is black
And in between a flock of crows advance
From the grain. They leave behind them field,
Sky, and road. The colours do not emerge
But stand apart. This is the very end
The final resignation of His pain,
The startling story told, the torment's end.

Andrew Brooks

Sky

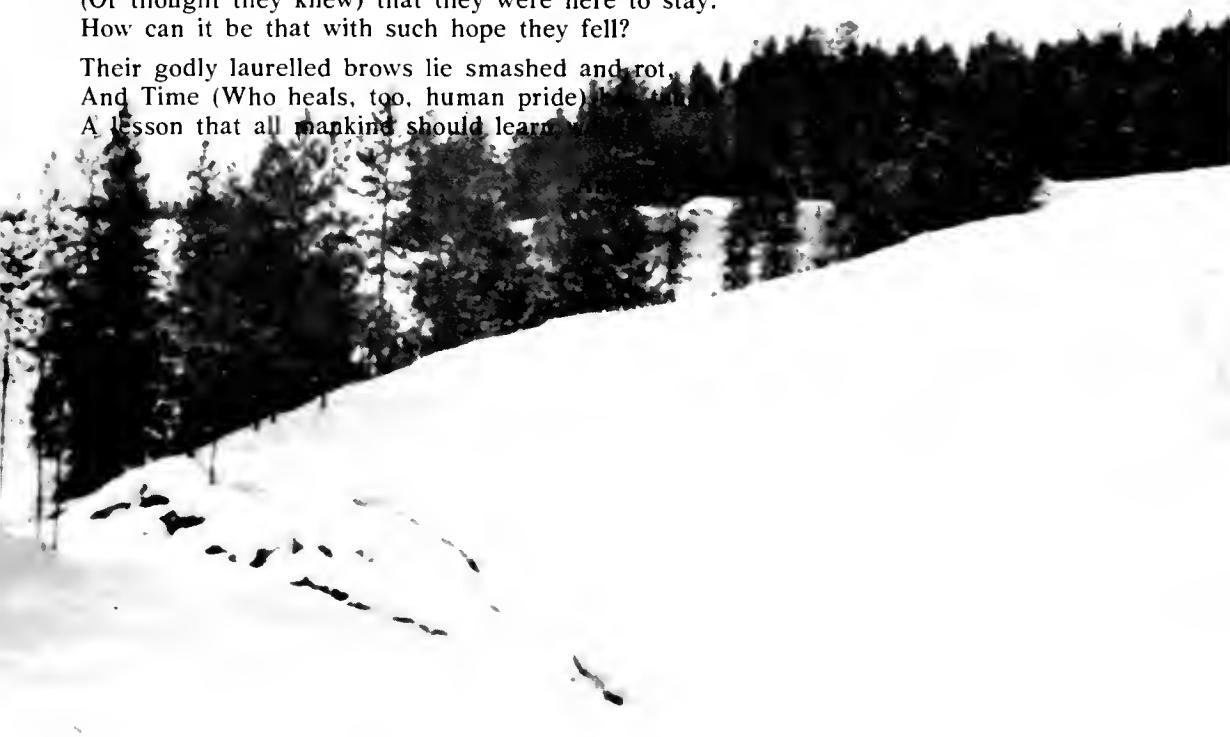
Deep, dark,
Molten, igneous,
Intrusive, magma,
Cavernous, solid,
Molten, shiftless,
.....,sky?

Robert McCann

The Temple

The stones lay dead and dull, my silent tread
Was not remarked by moon or fitful breeze,
The stars swayed clear and cold above my head,
The moon played flashing light upon the seas.

I crept, a quiet shadow, to the poor
Cracked rock whose shattered script still hopeful runs,
With faint yet living hope of something sure
And permanent. And were these not the ones
Before whose gilded grace the whole world knelt,
Whose kings, in purple panoply, did sway
All lands with cold commands, no loving felt?
Stop, kneel in the ash and set your eye
On words of human gods of yesterday.
They called them gods? Indeed, and they knew well
(Or thought they knew) that they were here to stay.
How can it be that with such hope they fell?
Their godly laurelled brows lie smashed and rot,
And Time (Who heals, too, human pride)
A lesson that all mankind should learn.



Soaring

On wind and wing you soar on high
Not knowing time.
God-like grace and strength are yours,
Such qualities I wish were mine.
Performing ease: you soar and rop and swoop
down low
The banking off a sudden blow
You sail beyond your crime,
Leaving concrete cares for time to repair
You cry and shriek and whine.

Tom Moore

Ascent

To see in some cathedral-lofty glade
Medieval lovers kneeling in the shade
Who knew the love between themselves
confessed.

And where their future lies, beyond mere guess,
Pereceiving joy, and, where joy ends, lament,
As bound up in a unified intent,
And endless ladder, not a winding stair,
Each thing therein affixed, hung piled in air,
Is to see security, that bliss
Which dwells in tower walls, but only this.

Come now, ascend with me the winding stair!
Our hands have sought, and now grasp, more
than air.

Know life, let new winds breathe upon your face,
Let dusty spirits now reveal new gracie,
For this is more than ever could have been
A life secluded, dying though serene!

Andrew Brooks

Tower Image

Oh giant sun flower formed by nature's uncertain
forces,

A giant ladder with countless steps towards heaven,
So that men may knock on its golden gates
The place where life's journey is done.

Of giant sun flower which grows taller to reach that place,
But summer's hot tongue becomes harsh for some
And the great flower begins to bend.
The stem breaks. A thousand dreams are lost
And the seeds are carried away by a hungry squirrel,
Who has been anticipating the fall since its
Birth in the spring of men's minds.

Bill Verner

Gift of the Flame

The two men stood quietly in the shadows as the sun sank further into the sky. They both kept glancing about, making sure they weren't being watched.

When it was finally dark they entered the garage and gazed upon the magnificent machine in front of them. It was the fantastic racing car of the world's best racing car driver, Allen Spencer.

The two men were fellow racers, partners determined to win the formula 2000 race the next Monday.

They carefully walked over to the car, then one lay down on his back and pulled himself under the car as the other stood to watch. After a few moments of clanking about, the man emerged once more from under the car, smiling; and then they both left as they had come.

Finally Monday arrived and thousands of people came to watch the race. Of course Allen Spencer was there in his sleek car, but also at the other side of the track were the two men who had been in Spencer's garage earlier. One was driving and the other was outside passing on words of advice.

Suddenly the starting flag flashed and immediately the cars were off in a massive blur. As they went around the first turn, Spencer took the lead right away. He turned his steering wheel but his wheels did not respond. In a matter of seconds his car went crashing into the wall and almost instantaneously burst into flame.

Inside the car, the fire had not reached Spencer, but all around him was a wall of flames burning closer and closer, and then all went black.

When he awoke he found himself surrounded by a mass of men in white cloaks staring at him. After a little while he tried to speak but he was unable to make a sound. The men around him began to talk and Spencer noticed that it was about him. He began to grow tired so he tried to sleep, but when he tried to close his eyes, they did not respond. Then he noticed the doctors were hooking him up to something. He wanted desperately to talk and to ask them how and what had happened.

The doctors then walked over to him and said that he was not quite right. They had been operating on him for the last three days. They then told him his car had been sabotaged. Then Allen felt pain and more doctors rushed over to him and asked him where it hurt. Suddenly Allen realized the doctors had been answering his questions even though he hadn't said anything. One man walked over to him and told him that he was unable to talk, but that he was hooked up to a computer which would transmit his thoughts onto a screen. They also told him that he was hooked up to an electric vehicle which could move him where he wanted. Allen then asked if he could see himself but the doctor's immediate reply was no. Allen demanded it, so the doctor hesitatingly picked up a mirror and gave it to him. The computer read nothing. It could not show his emotion. In the mirror all that Allen saw was a heart, a brain, and a pair of eyes all connected together by wires that seemed to be everywhere. Everything was silent until the computer read out, "I want to die!" followed by, "What happened to me?"

The doctors explained that it was all that they could save because everything else was burnt to cinders. They then said it was a miracle that he was still alive and that he could stay alive with the help of the wires. They went on by saying that he wouldn't have to eat or do anything to keep alive, because all that kept him alive was electricity. Allen then went wild and began spinning around the room until a doctor could give him a sedative. All of the time that Spencer was asleep he saw flames burning closer and closer until he finally awoke. He found himself alone in the room, so he looked around at the dingy furniture and then fixed a gaze on an old chair in the corner. He began to concentrate on it and suddenly all that he could see were flames. To his astonishment, when the flames disappeared all that remained of the chair was a pile of smouldering charcoal. He then concentrated on a table nearby and once again the flames appeared, and once again the result was a pile of ashes.

He began to think of his accident and what had happened, when he suddenly realized who had sabotaged his car. It was the two men who had been trying to beat him for years, but the only way they could do it was to sabotage his car. This made Spencer furious, but then he realized that he could get his revenge even in his present state. He would use his eye to burn them and their souls to hell seeing that his eyes were the way they were because of the crash. With this idea in mind he quickly left the room and went out the back so no one could see him. He went around in back alleys on his electric vehicle trying to get to his victims' house. He had to stay on flat ground so his vehicle wouldn't overturn. Suddenly from a side door came a man into the alley. He looked at Spencer and screamed, and then ran off. Allen concentrated on the man, for he feared that his presence would be given away, and he fell to cinders within a matter of seconds. Without looking at the remains of the body, Spencer went on in search of revenge.

He reached the street where the two saboteurs lived. He pondered what the reaction of these men would be when they would see him again. It was now dark and the only lights in the area were the many puddles of light made by the street lights. Spencer weaved his way carefully through the dark, and stopped in front of their house. He stealthily rolled up to the front door and bumped it hard with his vehicle. After a few moments the door opened and one of the saboteurs peered down at the horrible mass of wires and flesh. He stood there motionless, something that made Spencer's job far easier. He just gazed upon the face of the man in front of him and then concentrated. Just as before, the flames appeared before his eyes as he heard a quick shriek of pain. When the flames disappeared he looked down at the pile of ashes, and if he had had a mouth he would have smiled. Then from inside the house he heard the sound of approaching footsteps, then a voice calling, "Who's at the door?" Spencer switched his gaze to the advancing figure who suddenly stopped and gasped. The flames came once more and reduced Spencer's second 'murderer' to cinder.

With Spencer's revenge now complete, he had nothing more to live for, so he then concentrated his gaze on the wires which connected him to his life support system, and watched the flames burn before him for the last time. Suddenly Spencer himself burst into flames and then turned into a small mound of ashes right beside the remains of his friends who had given him the gift of the flame.

The Day of the Grackle

Morning in Central Park, grackles and pigeons gargled pleasantly. Blossoms bursting into display reflected in summer's start. White-collared humanity flowering along Fifth Avenue's sidewalks, each person towards his own building office and desk. Multitudes of cars passing by in constant procession. No one was particularly startled at the sound of a likely backfire. A subsequent scream drew a crowd around a man, prostrate in death on the crowded sidewalk. Another man, seemingly unconcerned, walked on.

Hours later, three men met in a shabby room of the Gaterwate Hotel. Two had arrived together, the third came alone. The duo, comprised of an older man and his colleague, addressed the visitor, a younger man. "We're glad you could show Mr., uh, I didn't quite catch your name..."

"I never threw it," responded the visitor. "First, how did you find out about me?"

The older man, Mr. Perkins answered, "You were recommended by Mr. Cummins, a realiable friend of our small operation. We need a man like you to eliminate, once and for all, our most ominous threat, a man who is, even as we converse, finalizing a pact with the Middle East delegates which will totally obliterate our most profitable South American trade agreements. His Middle East scheme is a pompous, political farce of little import! In perspective, the South American sacrifice which will result is by no means justified!" The visitor sat silently in alert thought as the sounds of spring filled the room by way of the open window through which the colleague carefully eyed the small empty road below.

"Before I accept, who is this 'insouciant invertebrate', this 'rain of dull Lucretian atoms crowding space'?"

Perkins arose and announced, "We want you to assassinate the President of..."

"You mean the President of the United States?", as the visitor quickly stood up, distressed, as if to leave.

"No, no, we want you to kill the President of Canada..."

The visitor again blurted, "Pierre Berton!! Not a chance, I refuse, there are just too many risks involved!"

"If you'd shut up and let me finish," the old man was now holding the visitor back from the door, "I'm referring to the President of National Fruits Incorporated of Canada, Mr. Rhind!"

The visitor immediately relaxed, "The way you put things, I bet you've lost a lot of business that way. Why didn't you say that at first."

"I assume that you've now accepted our proposition. I cannot stress the importance of a monopoly on Middle East orange imports! We will pay you \$250,000 worth of stocks in our company. Next, by what name will we recognize you?"

The visitor replied, "By the name - Grackle"

As the Grackle opened the door to leave, Perkins inquired, "This morning, Thompson told me how well you knocked off someone near Central Park. Who was that man?"

The Grackle replied, "He was unable to keep certain information to himself. He was the only one able to identify me, my previous employer, Mr. Cummins. Good-day Mr. Perkins."

In a quiet residential section, a bus slowly squeaks to a stop. A singular being steps off. He carries an inconspicuous article, a bucket of Kentucky Fried Chicken. As he climbs the stairs to enter the grey, archaic boarding house, he glances up and down the desolate street. Inside, he meets an attendant with tell-tale signs of hippie on his chin, reading an apparently second-hand newspaper behind a desk. The attendant only glances up, then casually continues reading the paper. There is a pause of silence; then, without looking up, he mumbles, "Well, like man, I do not spontaneously catch your drift. What's up Pops, or has our friendly neighbourhood police precinct assigned another undercover dude to this beat?"

"I'd like to rent a private room for this week please."

"Hey, Daddyo, doesn't everyone? We don't normally sympathize with spaced-out types like yourself."

The Grackle presented four fifty dollar bills to the attendant. The attendant reflexively pocketed the money and held out a key, "As I was saying, our establishment here is presently negotiating a policy change. Your pad is on the third floor. Hang a port tack at the top of the stairway..."

So, the Grackle started up the stairs to the third floor. As he galloped up them, his chicken began to rattle. Safely locked in his room, he opened the bucket and laid out a potpourri of various mechanical and electronic devices therein. He began building.

A week and a MacDonald's, Pizza Hut, Hardee's, Howard Johnson's, and Burger King later, the Grackle checked out. With a small suitcase in hand he stepped into a taxi bound for Hennedy Airport. Later that night, another Taxi leaving Toronto International Airport carrying a man with a small suitcase headed downtown.

"'er we are Bud, the 'Arbour Castle 'otel. That'll be 'dicks doll-haires monseuer'", slurred the cabby.

The Grackle responded, "How much do I owe you?"

The cabby paused in disgust and replied, "I's already told ya, ten dollars, sir. We 'ere in Canada are what ya call bilingual."

"Oh, I see", the Grackle said, "I only have a twenty."

"American money. Gawd, we get all kinds of bills except Canadian, nowadays. 'er's your change monseuer. G'night, it's a business doing pleasure with ya." The cabby screeched off into the night.

The Grackle couldn't help but notice how much different the warm fresh breeze smelled compared to that of Manhatten. "P.U.! I wonder how they made the air smell so strange?", he thought.

Inside the hotel, he paid for his reserved room and noticed in the light that the cabby had given him ten lira change!

Just as he turned to enter the elevator, the reservation attendant said in a prepared voice, "Good night sir, I hope you find your room to your liking."

The Grackle replied, "Thank-you and good night Mysewer." The attendant vaguely smiled at the Grackle as the shiny stainless steel doors of the elevator opened. He thought to himself, what a funny look; that attendant must have been embarrassed to find me, a foreigner, using his other national language whilst he, a Canadian did not.

The next day, his doorbell rang. Outside the room was a special delivery of a box. The delivery boy left, fifty cents richer. Mr. G. Rackle, or so the address on the box named him, chucked as he closed the door, then unwrapped the expected box. He carefully removed a potpourri of apparatus and one bottle of Asti Spumanti. All contents were untouched and intact, just the same as when he had packed them back in the boarding house. Next, the Grackle pinpointed the exact location of Mr. Rhind's mansion by a telephone book and a street map. That night, clad in a red jogging suit, he secretly visited the Rhind mansion. The Grackle left the house with what he sought.

"Henry, wake up", forcefully whispered Mrs. Rhind now sitting up in the bed.

"What is it Edith", Mr. Rhind blurted tiredly.

"A noise. Don't you hear it? I think there's someone downstairs at the front door" she retorted.

"Okay, I'll check." Mr. Rhind rolled out of bed and looked down the plush window curtains to their front yard. "Nothing there except a jogger in squeaky sneakers. Go back to sleep."

Downtown early next morning, the Grackle entered the massive National Fruits building. Its typical stainless steel frame and plate glass walls glistened coldly. The building had just been opened and only a small number of employees had arrived early.

The Grackle read the office index as inconspicuously as possible. The two employees taking the same elevator punched floor buttons of 17 and 23, and the Grackle pushed 28. The workers tried to ignore the smartly dressed intruder with the briefcase chained to his wrist. His right hand he held in the upper left side of his jacket. The two seemed to be completely preoccupied in deep thought as they stood, eyes transfixed on the light indicator of the floors. After the two had got off, the Grackle pushed floor 42. Everyone he had encountered had noticed the chained case, but then pretended to innocently ignore him as if to say, "hmm, a security man! I wonder what kind of gun he has in his shoulder harness?"

The Grackle chuckled at his own ingenuity of disguise. Ding, the elevator door slid open on the 42nd floor. The whole floor must have been vacant, only half the lights were on. The Grackle quickly and easily picked the lock on the door marked Mr. H. Rhind, President. Inside was an elaborate office trimmed with walnut panelling. Exquisite paintings adorned the walls. To the right was a ping-pong table, various plastic orange trees added colour to the office. Straight ahead was a voluminous desk which housed a black leather executive chair in front of a panoramic window. The desk and chair were on a slightly raised platform. The Grackle open his case and got to work. The desk resembled a paper recycling depot. Here, he carefully placed the watch he had stolen, within which he had placed a lethal amount of nitro-glycerine. In a nearby plastic orange tree, he placed a television camera neatly concealed as an orange. He focused and directed the camera onto the desk. In another tree he placed his masterpiece - a miniature radio controlled fruit fly. Next, he cut the wire to one of the phones on the desk. The loose end he placed into the signal transmitter at the base of the tree. The telephone number of the now disconnected phone he carefully wrote down on his shirt sleeve. Within minutes, he was outside and leaving the National Fruits Building.

He returned to the hotel. It was only 8:30 and Mr. Rhind would probably not arrive until about 11:00. Back at the hotel the Grackle set up his small modified T.V. and model plane control. These he linked up into his telephone. He dialed Suite 42 and immediately his T.V. screen lit up and he could view Mr. Rhind's desk. The Grackle removed his tie and jacket, sat down, glass of Asti Spumanti in hand to wait....

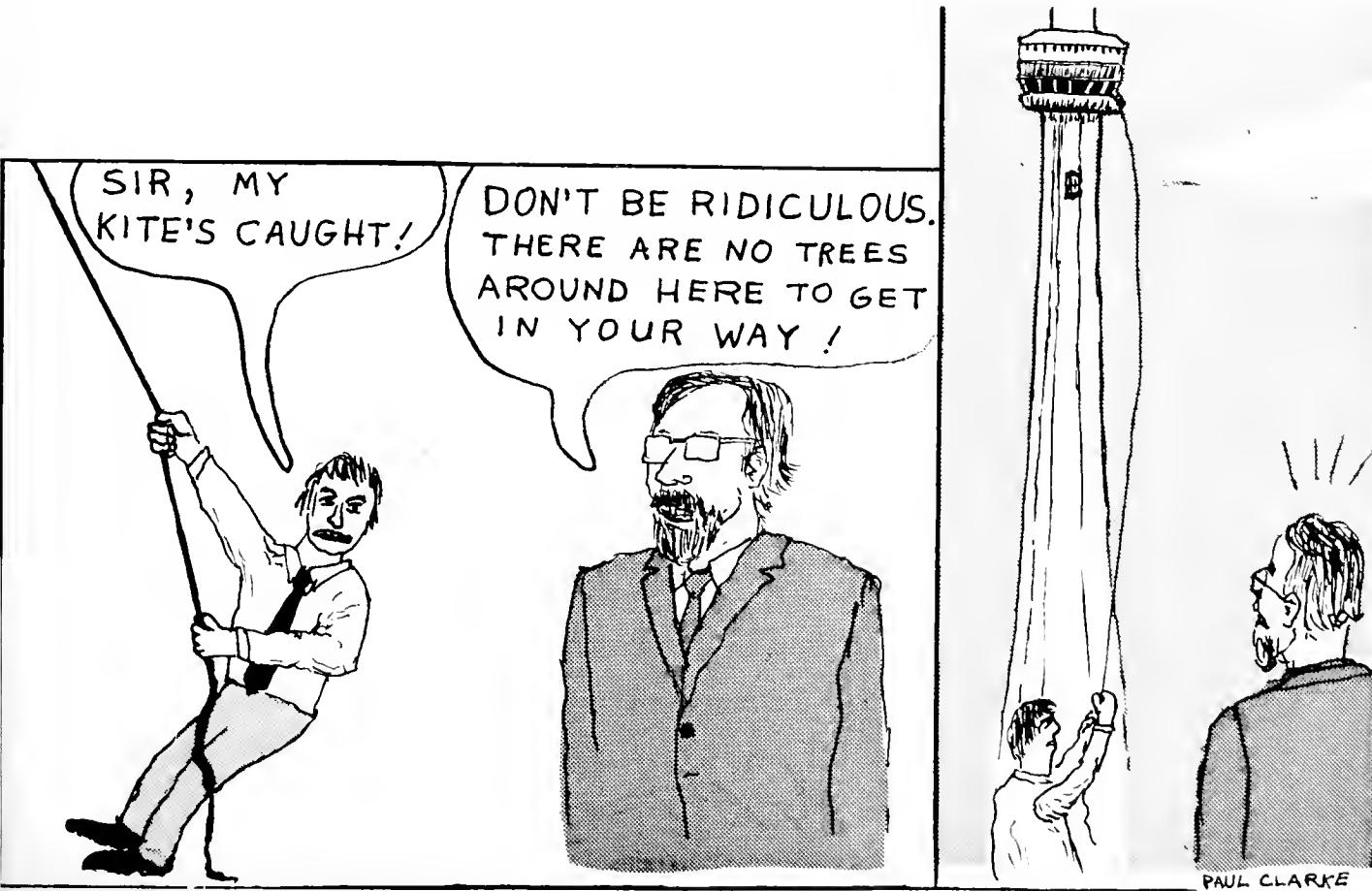
Later in the National Fruits Building, "Good morning, Miss Johnson", Mr. Rhind's voice could be heard in the hall.

Mr. Rhind entered his office and mounted his black leather chair when he noticed his lost watch. Thinking nothing of it, he strapped it onto his wrist and began to write. Suddenly he was distracted by a small black streak buzzing by his eyes. He continued to write, bzzzzz.

"Stupid little bug!" he exclaimed. Pushing a button on his intercom, he ordered, "Miss Johnson, get in here, I want you to take down a letter addressed to the Halex Corporation in England..."

"Flight 727 for Toronto now boarding at gate two" blared the overhead speaker. A man with upturned trenchcoat collar and dark sunglasses quickly examined the small Mexican airport lobby. He hurriedly walked towards the exit. Under his arm was a newspaper with headlines; Orange Ping Pong Ball Trade Will Boom Says Middle East Importer!!

Ian Lomax



Story

Strange, the city. Only someone who's grown up there can understand it. It comes to hold a significance for some of its inhabitants. The different parts of the city become different parts of the soul, and the city changes from a physical to a spiritual geography. But even there, it is too controlled, and incomplete.

The boy lived in the city. He had lived there all his life, but had somehow sealed himself off from it. Not that everybody doesn't create their own boundaries, but by the age of sixteen he lived in self-created isolation. Street names meant nothing to him, so he could never give directions if asked.

He had discovered a wonderful world, a fantastic world, in books, which had first been his choice and then his refuge. But the books were fickle in their loyalty, and his fantasies were challenged and broken. He stumbled into philosophy and found himself rudely awakened, unable to understand and conquer the problems it posed to him as king, and he found himself dethroned. Now, he realized a lack in himself, and felt a vague, growing emptiness. He clutched at it, and shook it this way and that, searching in panic for something in himself.

His search turned outwards. He looked around himself, at the city, at the school, and he found a sort of common ground.

THE TREED ROADS OF ROSEDALE IN SUMMER: These subdued, green passages were a quiet celebration of his own summers. When the sun shone, the green was emerald and tinted shade. When it rained the green was mist-green while everything else was muted brown or gray.

THE ISLANDS: The seaweedy smell of the water became the smell of the perversely cherished land. The slapping and sucking of the ripples on the islands against the grassy banks and the distant roar of the lake waves carried him with their rhythm into the quiet reflection.

CLOSE TO THE WATERFRONT: The region of cracked sidewalks and pavement crushed by tractor-trailers was not a place for people, yet people were there, behind grimy factory windows. Here, his walks represented an illness - his depressions - which sometimes amounted to rage so that he wanted to pound walls and break windows, screaming, and hurt himself.

But the city wasn't really him, it was only a pliable mirror that moulded itself to his feelings. It didn't give him what he wanted. It frustrated his attempts to draw experience from it.

When the people said, Look at the sadness that surrounds us all: the drunken derelicts, petty injustices, death, he felt nothing except fear and shame. He avoided the drunks. He wanted to perform some mortification so he could understand the sadness. What's wrong? I'm ill, I must be ill he thought. Almost in a panic, he fled the city. He went north to a cabin built by his father where he and his family went on weekends. He went alone.

The cabin was not very big - one room, frame construction and smelled of pine and cedar and kerosene. It was on a ridge, below there was a pond, and beyond, another ridge. There were many of these ridges. One could follow them, or cross them - over ridge and into gully, over another and down again - forever. At least, that's the way it seemed when you were walking among the pines and poplars.

The boy hiked in. It was a beautiful late July afternoon, with a breeze to blow the bays away and sway the trees. He opened the cabin, dropped his pack on the bunk, took off the window covers, and then went looking outside. He took pleasure in the wind and the shifting reflections of the pond, he seemed at peace now.

He ate dinner after taking the supplies out of the pack. He was asleep when the sky finally turned from purple to black, the wind soughing through the trees.

He awoke, perturbed. A noise; he listened, what the hell was it? In the woods, in the dark, small animals swell in size...A bear! But it's a chewing noise - a porcupine. There've been quite a few of them around. They've been chewing the plywood covers, and the seat of the outhouse.

His father has killed four of them. He didn't like to do it - the first time he tried not to let his children know. He told his wife they had to be killed, they ruined his work. The downed animals were ugly brutes with little piggy eyes, they fouled their own burrows. He'd seen one of their houses in mid-winter. Shit spread all over the snow and down into the hole. They were stupid, falsely secure in their quill coats and difficult to scare away. Destructive, they had to be destroyed.

The next one he killed he didn't kill cleanly. He cracked it on the head, but it got away. He went back to bed. In the early morning when he went out to urinate, it was stumbling in a circle, round and round, so he had to finish it off, he had no other choice. And the next time it was a little easier. He had come a long way from the man who had lain awake in the dark hearing the trap which he had set snap, and the mouse flop about in the dark, both unable to do anything.

That porcupine was making a hell of a noise - the boy got up, fumbled for his flashlight, put on his boots and went outside. There was a cool breeze and he shivered a bit. He shone the light under the cabin. Sure enough, there was a porcupine gnawing away at some four-by-eight sheets of half-inch ply. The boy got something with a long handle and poked the porcupine. He shone the light in the eyes. It stared at him, he shouted at it, and it waddled off into the bush.

He went back inside but couldn't sleep; so he lit a lamp, lay back on his bed, and listened to the night. The wind in the trees, especially the pines, makes an unforgettable noise, a sound so cold, so lonely. The wind shook the forest, rousing it, and swept through the boys mind, shaking him and displacing him until he felt removed from everything but the rushing hiss. Cold gusts froze his soul. He was guideless, forlorn. The pine needles would fall and cover him and he would rot away, the forest would conspire to hide, he would be trapped among the roots and worms, clutched by the earth.

God! What was that? Sweating, he heard the wind in the forest, and something...Hah! It was the downed porcupine again - or its cousin! Weak-kneed, he got up, and taking the Coleman lamp and the timber, he went outside.

The wind shook the trees, whipping them back and forth. They danced round him, closing in, drawing back, pulling at him. The hissing lamp sprayed deep black into the trees beyond the clearing. The boy was plucked and shaken, he felt hysterical. He had to save himself - he clutched at the transcendent thought - to stop the banshees that tore at him, to strike out, he shouted against the wind, "Stop it, stop". He had to do something; he hit the porcupine. Stop it. He hit it again, and shouted at it, "Go away" uncontrollably. But his shrieks were sucked away the wind, and the animal just stood there gnashing his teeth, and raised his quills.

Adrenalin pumped his heart and frenzied his blood; it shook his legs and bewildered his vision; clutching the lumber with both hands, he lifted and struck, lifted, struck, "Damn you! Damn you!", while the porcupine convulsed, squeaking and chittering in response to the blows, agonizing a horrible litany. It tried to escape, but he followed it, hitting, hitting until it lay twitching on the ground pillowed by last year's autumn. The boy, panting and sobbing, waivered, old leaves and pine needles crackled under him. He dropped his tool and collapsed, crumple-legged. He stared. Such a small creature...dead.

He became aware of the lamp hissing thirty feet away back in the cabin. The wind had calmed. He burst into tears and curled up, drawing his head into his knees: the lamp hissed, the wind sighed.

* * * * *

The sun rose brilliant in the morning, making bright reflections on the pond. The boy got up and cleansed himself in the cool waters. He buried the porcupine, packed his pack, and closed up the cabin. He felt somewhat wistful as if he had been ill and lost something, some part of himself, becoming a little less incomplete.

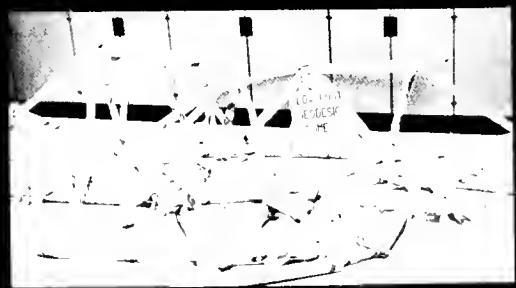
The sun shone in him as he walked into the forest.

Ian Upjohn



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EVENTS AND ACTIVITIES

CHOIR



December 15-19; Sang in Museum Rotunda at lunch time, carols only.

December 17; Carol Service at St. Pauls Cathedral, Bloor St.

April 22; Lt. Gov. Pauline McGibbon and Mr. McGibbon visited for evensong and tea.

May 7; Confirmation Service with Bishop Stiff.

June 5; Trinity College Chapel

May 19; Concert at the Diocesan Centre.

June 12 - July 4; Tour to England: Choir sang in Beverley Minster, York Minster, Kehle College, The United Reform Church, St. Peter's Church, and Westminster Abbey.

Choir Mothers were Mrs. Burry and Mrs. Hunter. On the Tour Mrs. McKellar will join us.

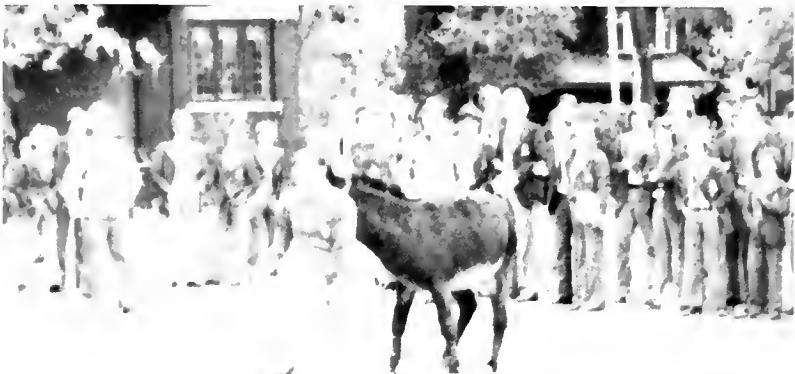
ACOLYTES

Phillip Claxton, Head Acolyte
Donald Burry, Assistant Head Acolyte
Mark Hunter
Nick Shilletto
Chris Baillie
Leonard Boschart
Jon Wynn
Stephen Hastings





UNITED WAY CAMPAIGN



Again, the St. George's student body was highly successful in its United Way fund raising campaign. The school raised in excess of \$10,000, almost triple last year's figure of \$3500. With such a substantial amount, the school was recognized by CHUM as the school which raised the most money in total sum and on a per capita basis for all Greater Metropolitan Toronto Secondary schools. Having achieved this honour, the school was awarded tickets to a concert which featured the "Stampederz." The concert was held on December 22, 1975 at the Four Seasons Hotel.

This year's projects ranged from a Bake Sale put on by Grade Four, to a Donkey Race put on by Grade Thirteen, to a highly successful "Starvathon" put on by Grade Twelve-One. Twelve-One's efforts maintained 35% of the total fund raising campaign - quite an achievement for twenty-three boys.

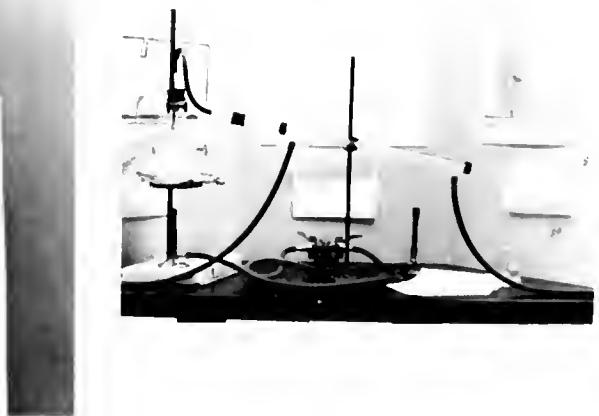
With the cooperation and fantastic enthusiasm on the part of both students and staff, this year's campaign was the greatest success in St. George's history.

Brian Atkinson

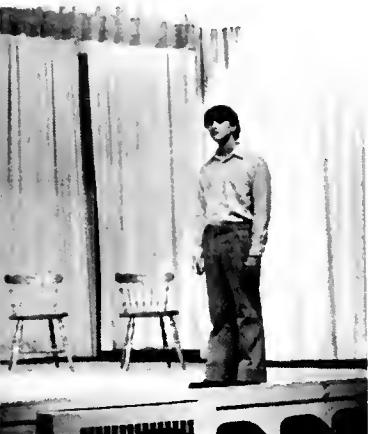




OPEN



HOUSE



NORVAL

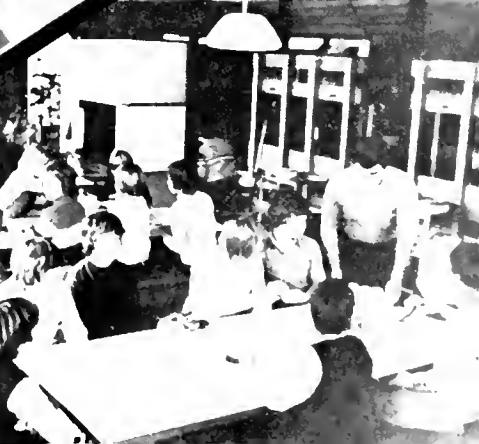
In the 1975-76 year, St. George's continued its programme of Science Schools for grades 4 to 8. Again the programme was centred around a science project and science classes, although work on other academic subjects was also done.

The timing of the schools are planned so that a boy going from grade 4 to 8 can do a project in a variety of seasons: summer, spring, late autumn, winter, and early autumn. The weather this year has been quite good although not always consistent with the season.

We are beginning to develop more of a continuity in the science topics at the Schools. For instance, the grade 7's learn estimations while the grade 8's do the next step of orienteering. Even the canoe trip for the grade 8's in the spring is designed to follow the grade 8 lessons in survival and orienteering.

Andrew Barlow

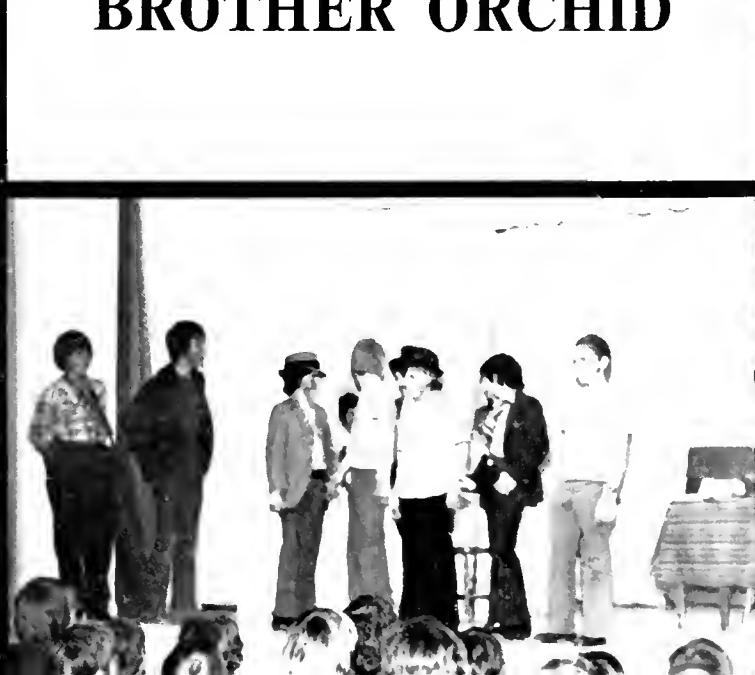








BROTHER ORCHID





HOCKEY NIGHT



ATHLETES IN ACTION

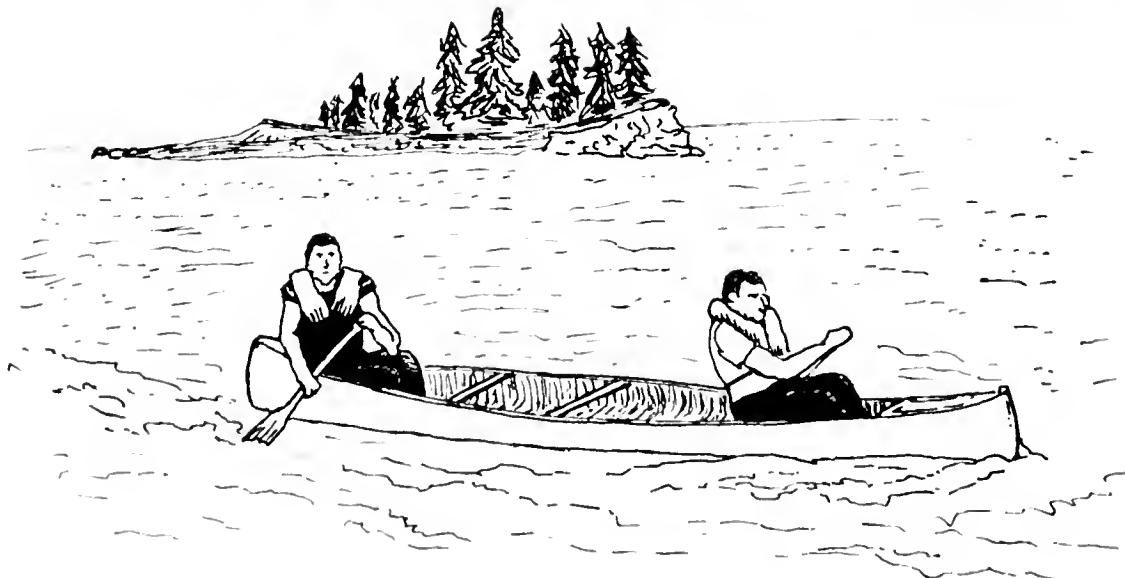


CANOE TRIP

For the second consecutive year, a canoe trip was held for thirteen grade 8 boys selected by lot from those interested. The trip was led by Mr. Barlow and Mr. Kiddell, beginning and ending at Port Severn, where the canoes were rented. En route we camped at Camp Shawanaga, provincial parks, and Mr. Kerr's cottage. It is hoped that in future these trips will be more closely associated with the instruction from the grade 8 Science School in survival and orienteering.

The boys participating this year were:

James Belch	Michael Flowers	John Northcott
Doug Chaddock	James Gibson	David Shepherd
Cameron Clokie	David Guy	Michael Smith
Nicholas Colicos	Brad Hudgson	Mark Worrall



DEBATING



SPORTS DAY

JUNIOR SCHOOL



WINNERS - YORK HOUSE

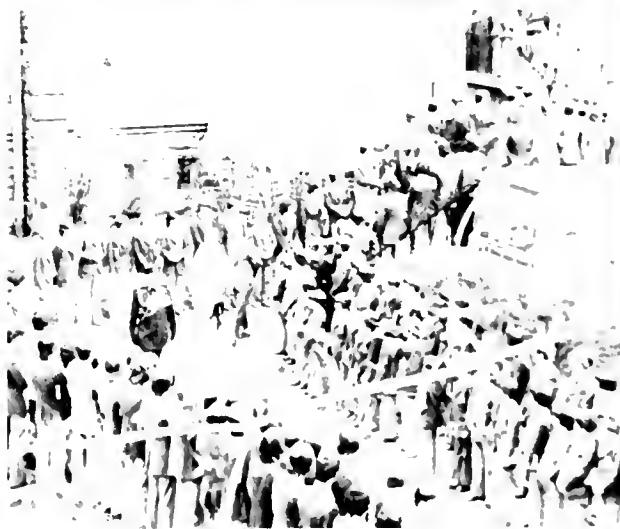


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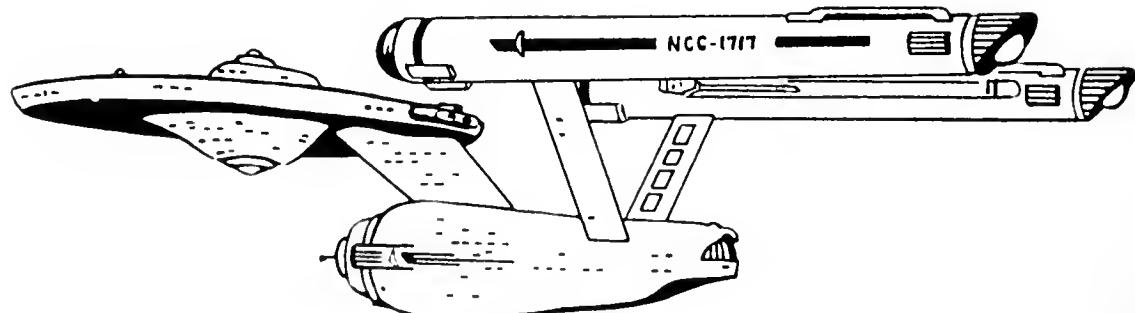
S. Hastings

R. Yarnell, S. Knight, P. Burnside

Thanks are extended to Mr. J.R. Birkett for his contribution in layout and photography. Thanks also go to G. Burry for his highwire act behind the alter while taking pictures.



THE END



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